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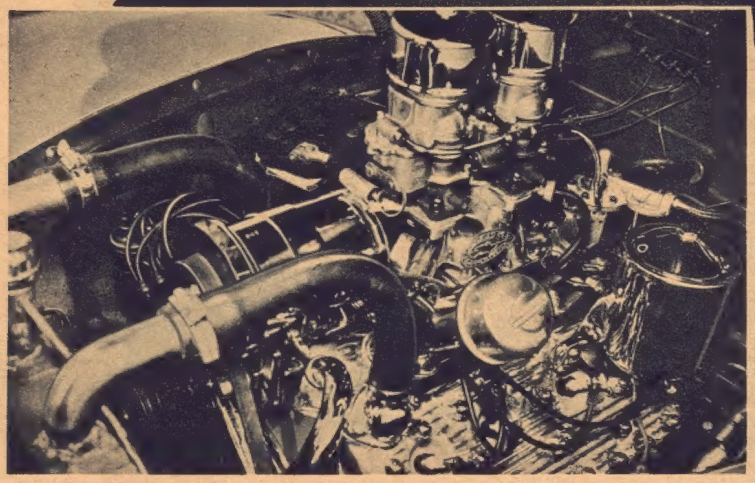

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Rogue

FOR MEN

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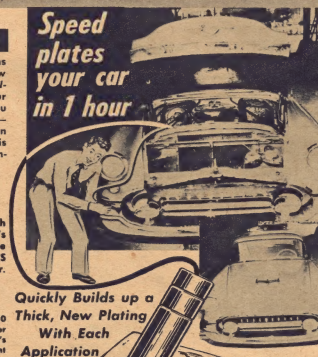

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Life Without

Illustrated by Edwin Stephens

a Father

Are males doomed? Must men wind up as mere playthings? That's the dark future with women having kids all by themselves!

BY HENRY JORDAN

IT WAS, TO BORROW A PHRASE, a hell of a piece of news for every man Jack—if true.

"You're pregnant," said the square-shaped lady doctor at the women's hospital.

Emmimarie, 21, a pale cute blonde of excellent shape, just giggled.

"What's so funny about it?" the doctor asked.

"Because I can't be," said Emmimarie, tossing her locks. "My husband's been dead two years, killed in the war—"

"Look here, girl," the doctor said, getting pink in the face. "The test says you are pregnant."

Emmimarie was warming up, too. "Well then your test is

wrong. At the time I was supposed to have become pregnant I was a bed-ridden invalid. I had rheumatoid arthritis and was staying right in this hospital."

"You didn't get pregnant here." The doctor's chubby fingers drummed on the white metal desk. "Put your clothes on. I have 60 patients waiting."

Five months and a few days later Emmimarie gave birth to a healthy baby girl she named Monica. The year was 1944 and the place was Hanover, Germany. The night little Monica was born blockbusters dropping from *Flying Fortresses* were painting the town fire-red and the surgical instruments never stopped rattling in the glass cases. Nobody paid much attention to what Emmimarie was still saying: that by the laws of nature she had no right to be a mother. A short-tempered nurse finally shut her up.

"I know girls who get pregnant every time they even look at a man—you mean to say you didn't even look at one?"

Emmimarie didn't talk about her daughter not having a "father" till two years later when Corp. Ben Jones fired the question at her.

The corporal stationed with the British occupation forces in Hanover, had known Emmimarie for over a year. He was gone on her and he loved her little daughter. Being a mason by profession, he had rebuilt for them, brick by brick, the house the warplanes had gutted. He couldn't care less whose child Monica was, or that no man had had any part in her birth, as Emmimarie was telling him. Jones didn't believe or disbelieve her. But he was aware of what the terror of round-the-clock bombings can do to a person's mind and how some suffer a loss of memory. He had asked Emmimarie to go back to England as his wife and all he wanted to hear her say was yes. Pretty soon he heard it.

Eight years later, in 1955, he came home from work one night and found Emmimarie all excited. She thrust the evening paper at him.

"I didn't lie to you about Monica," she cried. "Here, read this!"

His eye caught the headline: ARE VIRGIN BIRTHS POSSIBLE?

Virgin birth, the article explained, was procreation without fertilization. In a lecture on the subject, Dr. Helen Spurway, London University professor and one of the world's great biologists, had made the challenging statement that children without a father were entirely possible in the human race. She based this on her observation of animals: Under certain conditions spiders, bees, sea urchins, rabbits, cats, ferrets, turkeys, along with probably a large number of other species, can have litters without mating.

How? The answer, Dr. Spurway had told a lecture audience, can be found in the mechanics of normal fertilization. What happens is this: the male substance joins the egg and causes it to split. In virgin birth the egg splits on its own, making up for the lacking male contribution by a kind of doubling.

That this happens in animals has been known to biologists for some time. After thorough study Dr. Spurway decided that human beings were no exception. The mechanics of fertilization and procreation were the same as in many higher and lower animals. The fact that no virgin births in humans had ever been recognized didn't faze the good doctor in the least, for several reasons:

- Most women are married or at least have sex relations, and virgin births are therefore bound to be overlooked.
- A rare event like virgin birth, known to be "impossible," is likely to remain unreported.
- Virgin-birth mothers may keep silent because they are terrified by the freakishness of the experience or are silenced by fear of ridicule.

IN SPITE OF ALL, there have always been women branded as sinners who never stopped protesting they didn't know how they became mothers. Helen Spurway was prepared to make honest women out of some of them. "Those unmarried mothers who were so severely condemned may have been telling the truth," she said.

Would it be possible to prove a case of fatherless birth in humans? Dr. Spurway thought so. The blood of two people is never alike. More than 15,000,000 combinations of its components, so-called groups and factors, are possible. In the case of a virgin-birth, mother and child's blood would have to be absolutely identical.

A second test, Dr. Spurway suggested, might be the grafting of skin from the mother to the child—but this was less certain. One authority in this field, Dr. S. J. Folley, of Reading University, disputed right off that skin could be transplanted. Being a protective covering, skin may undergo changes from one generation to the other.

The Joneses spoke to their family doctor about taking these tests. "I always believed Emmimarie," the husband said. "But she wants to prove to me she was telling the truth about Monica."

The doctor was all caution. "The tests may prove nothing," he said. "Besides they could only be made by the best research laboratories and might take months. Also, they're bound to be expensive."

Jones persuaded his wife it wasn't worth the bother. They trusted each other, Monica was healthy and happy, the neighbors had never been told—so why stir things up?

But not everybody took Helen Spurway's disclosures with the same calm. Judging from the letters the newspapers received, many people protested against what they called the indecency of the whole thing. The rank and file of the medical profession expressed a great deal of skepticism. Religious people were indignant since they felt the dogma of the Immaculate Conception was being insulted.

The bigots were put in their place before anybody else. The Catholic weekly *Universe*, expressing the point of view of the Vatican, ran the following:

"Question: It has been claimed that virgin births are possible. Would not this seem to undermine the miracle of Our Lady's immaculate conception?

"Answer: Virgin birth is not unknown in nature. If God could have first endowed his creatures with life and then bestowed upon them this method of fatherless propagation, would it have been more difficult for Him to bring about the birth of His Son in the same manner? Certainly not."

That settled religious qualms. But the pro and con of virgin birth continued to set bars, living rooms, doctors' offices and newsprint on fire.

"Just a woman's trick to make men look cheap and show them they aren't as neces- (*Continued on page* 58)

"We call ourselves the Big Six."

Illustrated by W. E. Terry

OCCUPATION: NUMBERS RACKET

Here's the run-down on the most widely practiced and highly organized gambling in the country. It looks like two-bit stuff but totals millions!

BY DENNIS KOONTZ

BRAD WAS WAITING on Georgia Avenue in Silver Spring, Maryland, just as he had promised. He grinned and opened the door of the Chevvy.

"You're on time."

"I never let a dollar wait on a dime," I said.

Brad started the car and eased out into the traffic heading for the District of Columbia.

"Do you know anything about the Numbers, Denny?" he asked, watching the cars ahead.

"Very little," I told him.

"Well," he said, "I'll treat you like you were learning the business then."

I couldn't have found a better teacher. Brad was the banker of a prosperous numbers racket that operated in Washington, D.C. He had worked for other people through all the phases of the racket until he had saved enough to start his own book. He knew the business from the sidewalk to the office.

"If you are going to take any notes," Brad said, turning left onto Missouri Avenue, "you'd better get ready." Traffic thins out a little on North Capitol and I can talk."

"Why did you pick a rush hour, anyway?" I asked, taking out a pad and a ball-point.

Brad laughed.

"In this game you want your cars to be popular makes and you run them when a lot of traffic is around. Makes everything less noticeable."

He stopped for a light, then turned right onto 5th Street, N.W.

"We're gonna start with a writer. He takes the money from the people who bet, writes down their number, and pays them off if they win. You got to have good writers if you're gonna do any business so I pass on all of them that work for me."

"How does a guy get to writing bets?" I asked.

Brad, swinging left, passed the reservoir, caught the light and turned right onto North Capitol.

"Different ways. I started writing when I was a clerk in accounting. I used to bet the numbers. Pretty soon other people working there asked me to turn in their bets with mine. The guy picking them up moved up to a runner and asked me if I wanted to write. I earned

more writing than Uncle Sam paid me for clerking."

"So you quit the clerk's job?" I asked.

He shook his head.

"I kept it so I would have a good excuse to get around General Accounting. I guess I'd still be there but I got a lucky break."

"How?"

"The Government fired me."

He pulled into the curb close to "O" Street.

"This is a Colored section, Denny," he said. "We get mostly little book from here. Little book is bets from a dollar down to a cent. I got a boy writing here been with me four or five years. He hasn't been caught yet."

"What happens if a writer gets caught?"

"He calls our attorney. We make bond and pay the fine. If we can, we move him to another job. If we can't, he is out."

A slight negro wearing a soiled apron came over to the car. Brad greeted him with a smile.

"This is Tater Salad," he said. "It really is," he added, answering my quizzical look.

"Get in the back," he said to the colored man. "This guy wants to talk to you."

"Listen," I said turning around, "is that *really* your name?"

The man laughed pleasantly and nodded.

"Well," I said, "how is business?"

"Good," he said.

"How much do you make a week?" I asked.

Tater Salad shook his head.

"I don't know."

"Denny," Brad broke in. "A writer gets 25 per cent of what he collects. He also collects a five per cent tip from any bettor who wins. So he doesn't really know how much he makes in a week."

He turned to the writer.

"About how many people you got?"

Tater Salad thought.

"I see 'bout hundred-fifty, two hundred a day."

Brad looked at me.

"His bets average a quarter. If he writes 200 a day, he makes about $12.50. Of course, if his people bet heavy he makes more."

"You don't get rich off that," I told the man.

"Sho, don't," he agreed. "But I make it easy. These cats bring me their numbers on two pieces of paper. I look at 'em, keep one, give 'em the other back. That way I don't got none in my handwriting."

"One of the things the Vice boys like to get is slips in a writer's hand-writing," Brad explained.

"Then what?" I asked Tater Salad.

"I put the slips I keep in a box. When my runner comes, I wrap them in his package."

"He works at a fish stand," Brad put in.

"How about the owner of the stand?" I asked.

Tater Salad shrugged.

"He plays, too. He know I tell the po-lice if I get grabbed that he don't know nothin' 'bout the numbers."

"How much do you make at the stand?"

"Forty a week."

"You married?"

Tater Salad smiled.

"Man," he said, "I got a boy finishing at Dunbar High School."

A bell rang and Tater Salad opened the door.

"I got to scratch, Mister Brad," he said. "I'll dig you later."

BRAD STARTED the Chevvy and we went down "O" Street several blocks, then down 13th N.W.

"He owns his home and drives a Buick," Brad filled in. "He doesn't think there is anything bad about numbers because his experience proves the racket has been good to him."

He pulled into a big parking lot, got a stub, and told me to come along. The stop was at a cafeteria, where we got toast and coffee and sat down.

"Don't think all writers are like Tater Salad," Brad said, his tone conversational. "Some of them drink and cat around and hustle a buck any way they can. I don't hire that kind because they mean trouble."

A stout, elderly lady came by carrying a tray.

"May I sit down?" she asked.

I looked around at the empty tables.

"This is Mrs. Lowry, Denny," Brad introduced. "She is in Health and Welfare."

"Do *you* write numbers?" I asked.

Mrs. Lowry laughed, showing big, square teeth.

"I do and I don't see anything wrong with it," she said.

"It's against the law," I pointed out.

"So was prohibition," Mrs. Lowry said.

Brad laughed.

"Mrs. Lowry writes Big Book. That's why I had her meet us. You saw the man who handles little book and I thought this would be good contrast."

"Well, Mrs. Lowry," I asked, "how much do *you* earn in a week?"

"Last year, from my job, I earned $2,600. From my side-line, I earned almost twice that much. And," she assured me, "I paid taxes on all of it."

"How long have you been with the Government?"

"Eight years."

"What happens if you get caught?"

"I lose my job—but who will catch me?"

Brad interrupted again.

"The people who work with Mrs. Lowry either bet regularly or occasionally. Sometimes they pool their money to bet. They see nothing bad about Mrs. Lowry and the Vice Squad works on tips mostly."

"My boss bets," Mrs. Lowry said, "A dollar a day."

"Is this a habit with people in this town?" I asked.

Brad shook his head.

"It's funny, but in one building you'll find the game played heavy and in others, no. I don't know why."

"Do these people ever win, Mrs. Lowry?"

"I paid $1200.00 one time," she said.

"How big a bet will you handle?"

"That depends on how much I have taken in."

I looked at Brad for an explanation.

"My writers have a limit," he said, "They can take a bet up to five per cent of what they have collected. If Mrs. Lowry collects $80.00, she can write a single bet for up to $4.00."

Mrs. Lowry glanced at her expensive wrist watch.

"Eight: fifty, I have to be going," she said, "Is there anything else?"

I told her no and thanked her. She left us and I turned to Brad.

"Say she does get caught, what happens then?"

He shrugged.

(*Continued on page* 70)

LIVING DOLLY

"I once had a sweet little doll, dears,
The prettiest doll in the world;
Her cheeks were so red and so white, dears,
And her hair was so charmingly curled."
CHARLES KINGSLEY

IF DOLLY REED is indeed a living dolly (and who can doubt it?) she's a real sturdy version. This red-headed starlet packs a 44-inch bosom and 38-inch hips into five feet nine inches of height. Her first motion picture ("Hit and Run") is to be released soon and with these stills as a prevue we expect all box office records to be busted. Dolly is much more than just a pretty babe, even though she began modelling at 15 and has won innumerable beauty contests. She's a skilled sports car enthusiast (drives her own Ferrari); is an expert skin diver, and keeps her own Palomino stallion at the Riverside stables. She sketches, paints, designs her own gowns, studies ballet and acting and was once a professional ice skater. No one viewing these accomplishments can deny that here's a well-rounded girl. She's All-American in our book!

Miles

I had asked the guy at the billeting office for directions and I must have missed the "off limits" sign. Anyway, I didn't know I was in the wrong shower stall until in walked—

THE BLONDE LIEUTENANT

BY DONALD E. WESTLAKE

I FINISHED MY SHOWER, toweled, put on shorts and was reaching for my T-shirt when the girl walked in.

"Oh," she said.

I said, "Woops."

Then we stood and looked at each other. Her hair was blonde and cut short, as per Air Force regulations, and she was dressed in a white terry-cloth robe. In her right hand was a towel, in her left a soap dish.

I finally broke the silence. "One of us is in the wrong place," I said. "Either that, or the Air Force has finally taken a more realistic attitude toward sex, which I doubt."

"Well," she said, with what I considered amazing calm, "this is the shower room for transient WAF officers."

"So," I said. "I fit part of that. I'm transient. But I am neither a WAF nor an officer. As a matter of fact, I'm an Airman Third Class. Though as soon as you start screaming I'll be an Airman Basic."

"Then I won't start screaming," she said.

"Thank you."

"Do you mind telling me how you happen to be here in the first place?"

I wondered how long we were going to stand around talking like this before the roof fell in. "I asked the guy in the billeting office where the showers were," I said. "He told me upstairs. I *thought* he said upstairs. He had an accent as thick as your robe. Maybe I didn't hear him right."

"Didn't you see any Off Limits signs?" she asked.

"Not a one," I admitted. "I just grabbed my stuff and came upstairs. I needed a shower."

"But how are you going to get back downstairs?"

There was the crux of the matter. I said so. "That's the crux of the matter," I said. "And, frankly, I don't know the answer. How will I do it?" I reached again for my T-shirt. "I want to catch the Munich bus."

"Don't you have any pants?" she asked, while I put on my T-shirt.

"Sorry," I said. "I've never worn pants to and from showers. How was I to know a beautiful girl would come walking in on me this time?"

"Airman Third Classes don't flirt with First Lieutenants," she said. "Particularly not in the women's shower room." She looked around rather helplessly. "We'll have to get you out of here. Somebody else might come along and you'll be in the soup."

"How about that door there?" I asked.

"Leads to the latrine. Wait a minute, there's a fire escape outside the window there. I'll see if it's clear." She opened the door, stuck her head in, and shouted, "Anybody here?"

"Louise?" answered a voice.

Louise drooped. "Yes."

"Thank God," said the voice. "There isn't any damn paper in here. Would you look in the other stalls please?"

Louise looked at me with a resigned expression, as though we were a couple of fellow conspirators, and went to the aid of her fellow officer. After a minute she returned and closed the door on the voice's, "Louise, you're a lifesaver. I thought I'd be sitting here till the Russians came!"

"I gotta catch that Munich bus," I said.

"Going to give 20 marks to some girl in the Dolly Bar?" she asked. She sounded irritated.

"Forty marks. The price has gone up."

"It seems as though you could find better things to do with 40 marks," she said.

I wasn't quite sure how to take that, so I said, "Up to now—I haven't found anything better. Up to now, that is."

I found out how I should have taken it. Quietly. She froze and said, "May I ask you what you meant by that?"

I backed away. "Nothing," I said. "Not a thing."

"I can always open the door here and shout for help, you know," she said.

"Don't do that, don't do that!"

"Just remember that I'm not one of your tramps from the *bahnhof*."

"Yes, maam."

"I'll see if the coast is clear," she said, her anger gone as suddenly as it had appeared. She opened the door leading to the hall, looked both ways, then ducked back inside and said, "Damn! Here comes Polly."

"That's bad, huh?"

"Bad? Polly read '1984' and spent two weeks trying to start an anti-sex league in the squadron."

"How'd she do?"

"Don't be silly."

"Are you sure she's coming here?"

"She has a robe on. You'll have to hide."

"Where? There's less cover here than in the middle of the flight line."

JUST LIKE THAT, she whipped out of her robe. I blinked. "Put this on," she said. "And wrap your towel around your head."

I put the robe on and made the towel a turban, all the while trying to find something I could safely look at while Louise rushed over to the valves on the main pipes and turned off the hot water. She got finished just in time and was standing in front of a shower, hands on her hips (they were very nice hips), when this Polly walked in. I could see why she wanted to start an anti-sex league. Louise turned when Polly came in. She said, "There's no damn hot water."

"Oh wouldn't you just know it," said Polly, and wouldn't you just know Polly would say that?

"All these damn transient billets are the same," said Louise with disgust. I had found an interesting section of pipe up near the ceiling to stare at. I was also hoping Polly wouldn't notice my shins and size ten feet. Neither were very feminine. "No hot water," continued Louise, "no drapes on the windows, lumpy mattresses—"

"Maybe this valve is turned off," said Polly, making for the valve in question.

"No, no!" said Louise hurriedly. "I checked it myself, first thing."

"Oh, dear," said Polly. "And I so wanted a shower. You wait right here. I'm going to go talk to the people in the billeting office."

"All right," said Louise. Polly stamped out.

"Give me back my robe," said Louise.

"Maybe she'll come back."

"Give—me—back—my—robe."

"Yes, maam." I gave her back her robe and unwound the towel from my head. I wiped my forehead with it. "These shower rooms," I said. "They're always so damn hot."

"Uh huh," she said. She went over to the door, checked the hall again, and said, "All clear. Run for the stairs."

"Look, uh, Louise," I said. "I want to thank you for this. I mean, I could have gotten into something of a jam if you'd decided to holler."

"Think nothing of it," she said brusquely. "It's my natural compassion for the enlisted man. Now run, before somebody comes along."

"Uh," I said, and stopped. I (*Continued on page* 54)

"We decided to flip a coin instead."

It's hard for a young man to qualify as a Rogue—he hasn't put in enough hours. But Hollywood's newest star yearns to learn.

TAB HUNTER

ROGUE OF DISTINCTION

AT GOOGIE'S RESTAURANT, the famed gathering-place for Hollywood's young hopefuls, the shop talk is always intense and often bitter. Here, over pie and black coffee, the dedicated devotees discuss the pot of studio gold at the end of the cinema rainbow. They talk of the "lucky ones" who made stardom's grade, of the guys and gals whose names are box-office, whose personalities and good looks have won them contracts and fame. And, more often than not these evenings, the talk swings in the direction of Glowtown's latest sensation, the golden-haired young god of the brothers Warner: Tab Hunter.

Unknown as recently as 1951, Hunter has reached the rarefied upper level known as Stardom. In November of 1955, Tab won the much-sought-after "Audie" as "the most promising male newcomer of the year." Fifteen million breathless fans across the States had voted for him. And, since then, he has been teamed with the hottest young gal in films, Natalie Wood—a sure-fire starring combo.

However, the Big Question is: Can the guy even act?

At Googie's, the arguments proceed endlessly, waxing and waning into the early hours of the morning. "Hunter is a freak," one bit-actor observes bitterly. "I'm not kidding. He's a freak and a headache to his studio bosses. Ask the brass over at Warners. Sure, he's big box-office but he's strictly a no-talent pretty boy." To which an impassioned young Miss counters: "You're like plenty of others; you're eaten up with envy. Tab is no Marlon Brando but he has plenty of real potential. He just needs a few good roles to prove himself. He's working and he's learning more about acting every day."

So the talk goes. The subject of all this explosive discussion is an open-faced, handsomely rugged boy of 25 who is more than a little upset by his meteoric rise to the celluloid heights.

Tab's life has many pleasant moments—such as with Natalie Wood in the movie "The Girl He Left Behind" (above); such as with Lori Nelson in a swimming pool (below). At left he's shown as Trace Jordan in "The Burning Hills."

"Right now I'm the phoniest sort of star," he admits. "I'm typical of the gimmick-boys where the publicity is a zillion miles ahead of the career. I get fed up with all the fathead things the newspapers and magazines have me say and do. Sometimes I think it's just not worth it, but I actually know it is. I want to act. It's all I really care about—and sooner or later I'm going to prove that I can."

Hunter does not feel that he has been acting up to now. Even though he's been thrown into almost a dozen films as "the boy next door" he knows that he has not scored dramatically. "The boy next door is one jerk that I can get along without from now on. Why, it's like being branded. I want to portray a psychotic murderer—or at least get a role with some depth to it. But, so far, it's no dice. I've been to the top studio heads and I've done everything but turn purple and roll on the floor asking for meaty parts. All I ever get is a fatherly pat on the head and another 'boy next door' script."

LIFE ITSELF has been rather tough. Hunter was born Arthur Gelien Helm on July 11, 1931, in New York City. His mother, an affectionate German woman, Mrs. Gertrude Gelien Helm, was in ill health at the birth of Art, her second son. "My father had walked out on her," says Tab, "and we were in pretty desperate shape for awhile."

Tab's grandfather, John Gelien, came to the family's rescue when Tab was two years old. "He sent the whole bunch of us to San Francisco. Even set us up in a small apartment there which he paid for." Gelien worked with the Matson Steamship Lines and spent a good part of his time at sea. However, when he was able to get ashore he always spent his afternoons with the boys, Art and Walt.

"He was like a second father to us," recalls Tab. "He would come booming in and sweep us into his arms and tell us that we were all going shopping. I remember he bought me my first pair of long pants down on Market Street."

Tab's mother got a job as a ship nurse and psycho-therapist for the Matson Lines. She too was often away from San Francisco for long stretches and the two boys were boarded out with a family in Oakland. "They were good to us," says Tab, "but it wasn't home. Mom would be with us for a few days, then she'd have to leave again—for Honolulu or maybe Australia. It was rough on us."

Finally Tab ended up in a boarding house in Palo Alto. Three years later Mrs. Gelien remarried. Tab's new step-father was Harry Koster, a ship's employee. "I wanted to accept Harry as a real father because he meant well and he tried. But I never was able to. He was always a stranger."

After this, things began to happen at a rapid clip. Harry Koster died at sea of a heart attack and Tab's be-loved grandfather also passed away. "I was sent to St. John's Military Academy. From the start I resented the strict discipline. I talked Mom into letting me switch schools and this was better. I learned to play baseball and skate and all. And that's when I discovered girls."

Hunter got his first paying job as a delivery boy at the old Seventh Avenue Pharmacy in order to help with expenses. "Mom was holding down two jobs at once. She'd leave early in the morning, come home at six and fix our supper, then take off for her second job till one in the morning. Walt and I were left pretty much on our own and we turned into a couple of wild Indians.

"I got in a few minor scrapes with the law and once I broke eight windows in one day—just to hear the glass tinkle. Walt heaved a bottle of ink at me in a fight we had at the house and it missed me and splashed all over the wallpaper. When Mom came home the place looked like a battleground."

TAB WAS CRAZY about horses and spent as much time around them as possible. He got a part-time job as a stable boy for a riding academy in Griffith Park when he was 12, which allowed him to ride to his heart's content.

"That job was really the start of things for me, though I sure didn't know it at the time. I was working there when I met Dick Clayton. He'd give me a nice tip when I saddled his horse for him."

Clayton was to become Tab's best friend and his Hol-lywood agent but, at that time, he was just "another customer."

When Tab wasn't working around horses he was fill-ing in as a counter boy at an Orange Julius stand and setting pins at a local bowling alley. Ice skating grad-ually became his favorite in-town pastime.

"I was just a pink kid living on hamburgers and potato chips and cokes. Spending every nickel and dime I could save to go skating at the Polar Palace."

Tab's first taste of dramatics was in a tiny supporting role in the high school play, "Wedding Shoe," staged at Mt. Vernon Junior High. He enjoyed the new field so much that he convinced his mother he should attend acting school.

"I entered the Del Powers School of Drama in Holly-wood," states Hunter. "And I'll have to admit that I wasn't too serious about learning the craft in those days. I liked it because it was only a half-day school—which left me all afternoon to skate and ride."

Tab began dating at an early age. While most of his school chums were showing only cursory interest in the opposite sex, Tab was "dating up a storm."

Most of the girls he squired around were older and more mature than he but Tab learned fast. "I can't even remember the name of the gal that first taught me to kiss," he grins. "She arrived too early in the game."

He got a crush on a skater named Joyce Lockwood at the Polar Palace but he kept on "playing the field" and didn't date any one girl on a steady basis.

"I was restless. I switched jobs and girls and didn't last long with either. I worked in a gas station and ush-ered in a theater, but I quit both places after a month or two."

Hunter's restless spirit finally led him to a Coast Guard recruiting office when he was only 15. "I was real tall for my age and I looked a lot older. I knew I could get in."

Tab pleaded with his reluctant mother all night, talk-ing her into signing the necessary papers to prove he was 17. She gave in—and Tab became a Coast Guardsman.

"Right away they sent me to a tiny island in the Pacific for boot training. It sure wasn't the alluring, adventur-ous place I'd anticipated. I hated it and I got sick as a dog on that lousy island."

Hunter was eventually sent to Coast Guard School at Groton, Conn. While attending *(Continued on page 50)*

THE LITTLE LADY with the gleam in her eye who decorates the panel on this page really isn't a little lady, since she stands five-feet-nine in her bare feet. Even more interesting statistics on Dolly Reed can be noted on Pages 15 through 19. It seems too bad to call a gal built to such magnificent proportions a "starlet" but in the peculiar nomenclature of Hollywood there doesn't seem to be an alternative while she is playing minor roles.

Dolly was born in Detroit and came to California at 11. There the climate had such an invigorating effect that by the age of 15 she was competing in beauty contests, modelling, and being dubbed Miss El Toro Marine Base. She got married in her teens, was divorced after three years of marriage, and has a six-year-old daughter as a memento of the occasion. Dolly has a frightening energy. In addition to studying ballet, dramatics, skin diving, sports car driving, etc., she actually attends a gymnasium twice a week. She's undoubtedly in a hell of a lot better shape than most of us Rogues (and a mighty good thing, too)!

IF ANYONE EVER had any doubts about it, the lead article in this issue ("Life Without A Father" page 8) will convince him that the women have now taken over. The theme of this tragic report is that science has just proved that women can have babies all by themselves. That's right; no men are needed. If you don't know what the ultimate significance of that is you better start doing some serious thinking. Any evolutionist will tell you that this portends ultimate destruction of that special breed of humans known as males. The females will take over and proliferate by budding or spontaneous combustion or whatever it is. So live it up; make the most of life as it stands—for tomorrow we die. It's scant consolation that a world without us Rogues is going to be a mighty dull place for all those females!

DENNIS KOONTZ ("Occupation: Numbers Racket" page 12) got the inside dope on how a numbers racket operates as a special favor. Dennie himself had done a special favor for the "Brad" of the article, who is a real, living, breathing numbers racketeer, except that "Brad" is not his name. Koontz had met Brad at a very plush and honest gambling house in the East. A few months later he ran across him at a cock fight in a Maryland city. After the fights some thugs tried to put the arm on Brad in a parking space behind the arena. Koontz and another guy who happened along came upon the muggers and saved Brad from a beating. Brad gave Dennie the inside story out of gratitude. Just shows you how breaks can happen. Incidentally, we've got another gambling yarn by Koontz coming up in an early issue.

YOU'RE A G.I. and you misunderstand the billeting directions at the transient center. As a result you end up in the wrong shower and in walks "The Blonde Lieutenant" (page 20). What follows makes interesting reading even if it sounds a little like fantasy . . .

SPECIAL NOTE: Before you buy a sports car, read the "Runtmobile Report", page 34. *Rogue* is giving a special gold-plated trophy to the first man who drives a midget car under a moving truck and comes out safe on the other side! You will? Come now, 'tis said in jest!

THERE WAS SOME DEBATE in our office about whether we were justified in making Tab Hunter a "Rogue of Distinction." The editorial staff was at each other's throats on this. Finally we did agree that Tab probably isn't a real Rogue as yet, even though he has aspirations. We expect he has the makings—and the inclinations—but he is also suffering from one gigantic handicap. The personality that Warner Brothers is trying to build for Tab, through prodigious publicity efforts, is that of the "nice boy next door." It ain't necessarily so. Tab's story begins on page 24.

ROGUE WELCOMES another college professor to its list of contributors with T. E. Bull, translator of the "Fabliau of the Mouse" (page 46). The mouse story is the first of a series of fabliaux that Rogue will publish. We have special interest in them because they are so closely identified with the wandering minstrel—the true Rogue of the Middle Ages. These minstrels were really professional entertainers who wandered from castle to castle, caring only for laughter, food, wine, song and pleasure. They recited the fabliaux for their food, lodging and wine. Language and stories were rough in those days—too rough for a modern audience—and *Rogue* has had to delete portions of the fabliaux to meet "modern" standards of good taste. Rather incongruous, isn't it?

ARE YOU ROMANTIC about beer? Mack Reynolds is, and he explains why in "Pub Crawl Through London" (page 38). Mack contends that we Americans don't really know much about beer. All we're served, practically, is lager beer and occasionally ale. But what about porters, stouts, bocks, barley wines and similar malt beverages that the average man has never even tasted? Mack feels it's high time that malt liquors were elevated in prestige. After going with him on his Pub Crawl we expect you will want to follow in his footsteps as much as we do. . . . In any event, let your feet beat a path to the newsstand for our August issue—on sale the last week in June. Pleasant reading awaits you. *The Editor*

NERTSERY RHYMES

And both of them made passes at
The sizes
in between!

dream stuff

Denny had a problem: he wanted to convince Darleen he was an out of this world character. Truthfully, he was!

BY CHARLES V. DE VET

Illustrated by Lester Bentley

THE DIMPLES ON DARLEEN'S KNEES winked on and off as she swung her legs.

Denny continued to shave, observing her pert reflection in the mirror. She sat on a small table and hummed softly, smiling each time her eyes met his. Once her glance traveled down to his bare upper torso. "You're a handsome brute," she said.

Denny might not have heard.

Darleen pulled her short skirt lower. "Do you still insist that you're a man from a flying saucer?" she asked.

"It's the truth." Denny went on shaving.

"Where is your world supposed to be?"

"Quite a ways from here. We call it *Mach'ten*. I don't know your name for it."

Darleen wrinkled her nose at him. "You're teasing me," she said. "But let's pretend I believe you. Why did you wear such an outlandish outfit?" She nodded toward a coat resting on the back of a straight chair. "Did you want to attract attention?"

"On the contrary," Denny answered. "I wanted to pass as unnoticed as possible. I copied the coat from a picture in one of your books."

"It must have been an historical novel," Darleen said. "That lace on men's clothing went out of style a couple centuries ago. And those red buttons on the sleeves, with their brass settings, are gauche in this day and age. Also, knotted rope bows on the shoulders are worn only by doormen."

"I appreciate your telling me," Denny said. "When I leave I'll carry it. It will be less conspicuous that way."

"I'll admit I'm intrigued with your story." Darleen swung her legs thoughtfully. "How do you account for being able to speak our language so fluently?"

Denny pulled the abras-brush sharply away from his cheek and muttered under his breath. The dimples had taken his mind from the job at hand and the brush had worn a pink, smarting, spot on his right cheek.

Darleen laughed.

Denny laid the brush on the washstand and turned around. "I speak your language with the aid of this," he said. He dug a finger into one cheek and pulled out a flat white disk that might have been made of rubber. He uttered a string of unintelligible, guttural sounds.

Darleen's eyes widened. "What is that supposed to be?"

Denny replaced the disk in his cheek. "I suppose you'd call it a translator," he said. "In my left ear cavity I have another small in-

strument buried. Their combined function is to make your speech intelligible to me and mine to you. The sounds I made were me speaking in my own language."

Darleen's smile returned. "A good trick," she said.

"What better proof can I give you?"

Darleen wrinkled her brow in concentration. "If you're really from another world, there must be some differences. Physical, I mean."

Denny considered that. After a minute his face cleared and he walked over to where she sat. He picked up a pair of small manicuring scissors from the table and scratched a shallow groove in the flesh of his forearm. The two drops of blood that trickled out were a deep purple.

Darleen's face went white. She swallowed and looked up at him with wide, incredulous eyes. She tried to laugh and failed. Finally she was able to speak in a throaty whisper. "What do you want here?" she asked.

"Don't be alarmed." Denny spoke reassuringly. "I mean you no harm. All I want is to spend the night with you. To 'make love' is the way you phrase it, I believe."

A FLUSH OF BLOOD chased the paleness from Darleen's cheeks. "No sale," she said curtly.

"I beg your pardon?"

"You've come to the wrong girl," Darleen told him, pressing her lips together thinly.

"I seem to have offended you," Denny said. "If I have, please forgive me. I hope you understand that my ignorance of many of your cultural mores would cause me sometimes to give offense unknowingly."

"It's all right," Darleen accepted the apology. "You have convinced me that you're not from Earth and naturally you'd make mistakes. I'm not angry."

"Thank you. You will allow me to 'make love' to you then?"

Darleen shook her head. "I'm afraid you'll have to wait until you get back home for that."

"You misunderstand me," Denny explained earnestly. "I ask this not because of any unrestrained desire on my part but because we have learned all we need to know here—except about your love compulsion. It seems to run through your entire history, to be the dominant influence in your culture—often causing you to act illogically, sometimes even against your own good. We have been unable to fathom it. At last we decided to learn how the actual experience would affect one of us. I was chosen."

"Interesting," Darleen said, "but the answer is still no."

"But I understood . . ."

Darleen straightened the green cap with HOSTESS printed on it in gold letters, on her bright hair. "Our agency contracts to give feminine companionship but it does not include what you ask. In fact, that's strictly against our rules."

"Is it a matter of money?" Denny asked, puzzled. "I am prepared to pay 1,000 of your dollars for one night with you."

The flush returned to Darleen's cheeks. "It's not a matter of money," she said evenly. "I'd suggest we drop the subject. You would be insulting me—if I didn't make allowances for your being a stranger."

"But why am I insulting you?" Denny asked. "According to my best understanding such purchase is one of your customs."

"Not with nice girls." Darleen sought for the words she needed to explain. "Girls who sell—the commodity—are not considered . . . respectable."

"I apologize again," Denny said. "I believe I understand your institution of marriage. But am I wrong in believing that a girl, even the kind that you call nice, will sometimes spend a night with a male companion who is not her husband?"

Darleen drew in a deep breath. "I suppose, to be honest, I must admit that it is done occasionally. With a man she cares enough for, under the right circumstances, a girl might. . . ." She stopped in confusion.

A new thought seemed to occur to Denny. "Is it that you find my features unpleasing?" he asked.

"You're quite attractive," Darleen reassured him, "in a rugged masculine sort of way."

"I am glad. I was chosen because it was judged my appearance best fitted your Earth people's conception of male beauty."

"That's a bit immodest, isn't it?" Darleen asked.

Denny thought that over. "I don't think so. To our females I might be only passably fair."

"Are you?" The twinkle had returned to Darleen's eyes.

This time it was Denny's turn to be embarrassed. He studied his foot, kicked at the rug and did not reply.

Darleen stood up and took his coat from the back of the chair. She held it out to him. "You will be wanting to leave now, I presume," she said.

Denny took the coat and put it on slowly. He straightened. "I don't believe I will leave."

"But . . ."

"I contracted for your companionship until one o'clock. I'm going to hold you to that."

"But why?" Darleen was becoming a bit uneasy.

"Because I find you very agreeable to be with and pleasing to look at. I like your smile, and the way you talk, and your body that is soft but firm. Even in one from my world you arouse amorous propensities."

Darleen regarded him almost affectionately. "You're learning fast," she said.

"May I sit down?" Denny pulled out a cushioned armchair and stretched out his long-limbed body. The question, apparently, was purely rhetorical.

Twin lines of doubt appeared on Darleen's forehead. Her earlier unease returned. "What do you hope to gain by staying?" she asked.

"Perhaps you will change your mind. You did say that I am not unattractive," he reminded her.

DARLEEN STOOD in the middle of the floor chewing her lip. After a minute she shrugged. Her face lost its worried expression as she came to some decision. "Well, I suppose I might as well make the best of it," she said. "Would you care for a drink?"

"Of your alcohol?" Denny was interested. "I have tried it and found it quite unusual."

"Good." Darleen walked to a small liquor cabinet at one end of the room.

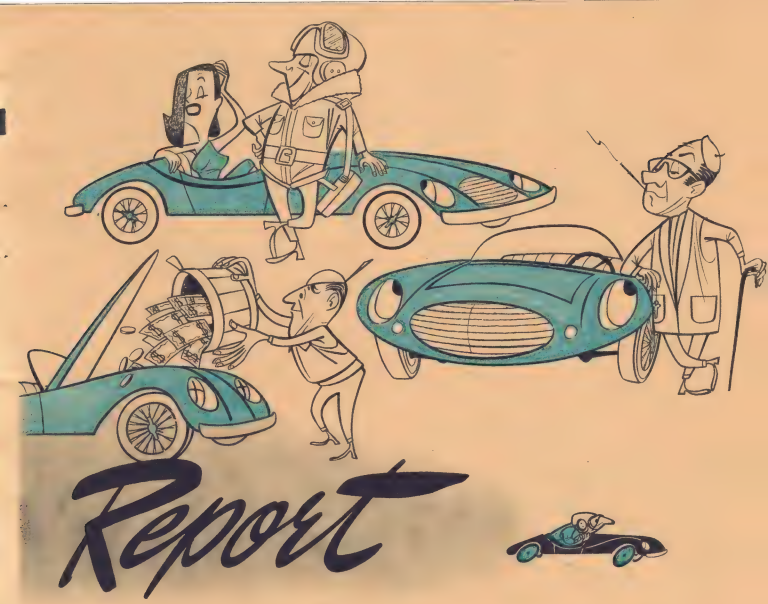
"I understand that alcohol will loosen one's inhibitions," Denny said. "Perhaps if you have a drink with me you will find yourself more amenable to my request."

Darleen glanced over her shoulder. His back was still to her. "Don't get any false hopes," she said. She reached into a drawer beneath (*Continued on page 52*)

"But first, our National Anthem . . ."

Be warned: if you turn to midget cars you'll be giving up comfort, money and peace-of-mind. And if you carry your reasoning to its logical conclusion you'll buy a motorcycle!

Illustrated by Edwin Stephens



Report

BY CARL KOHLER

WHEN THE PRESENT TREND to sports cars began I was still driving a 1940 stock sedan whose strength was fast giving out. It's a known fact that the American car has the longevity of a Kentucky Hill Grampa. Sure, the wheels, brakes, upholstery, paint-job and dash-instruments will eventually wear out, but you have to kill the carburetor with a stick.

Nevertheless, the day finally arrived when my '40 sedan and I were finally bypassed by an elderly lady on a bicycle—going downhill. I took this as sufficient reason to give in to a growing passion. Splurging my life's savings for the down payment, I went hog-wild and bought myself a tiny, shiny Runtmobile. I refuse to name its make because I do not believe in free advertising.

Having driven the Runtmobile for, lo, this past year, I should like to offer a few choice truths about the highly touted sports car for the benefit of those Rogues who still possess their life's savings.

Be indifferent to public opinion. Despite the many pro and con articles in magazines and newspapers regarding sports cars, despite all those *Jaguars, MGs, Arnolt-Bristols* and *Austin-Healeys* you saw on the road and despite the ecstatic crooning of your girl friend and/or wife when she viewed the sleek lines of a *Volvo* or a *Triumph*—don't feel hurt, enraged or confused to discover most of your friends consider you daft for investing in a car of this sort. Don't worry about it. In due time they'll come to associate you with the Runtmobile and they'll completely forget you ever drove a regular car like everybody else. Meanwhile, receive their barbed wit, scathing remarks and ill-timed comment with the indifference of a man who knows he's just done something which everybody would like to do, but which few have the courage to accomplish.

If this sounds Pollyanna-ish, jokingly offer your newly acquired sports car, as a gift, to one of your critics. Watch the unseemly haste with which he accepts.

Dress for the role. Like others before me, I decided I didn't have to array myself in weird, continental clothing just because I owned a car built in Europe. This was shoddy thinking. For a week or so I drove around in the Runtmobile—garbed in Levis, a wool plaid shirt and wearing tennis shoes—hoping to prove that a good, all-American boy could own a sports car and yet remain as regular as a handshake.

I only proved that my ultra-casualness (especially in the Runtmobile) made me appear as bizarre as a shepherd attending a Beef Festival.

Then I tried wearing a business-suit, topcoat and fedora. This didn't work, either. As a kindhearted friend pointed out: "You don't match the car, old man. A circus clown, in full costume, piloting a hearse would draw less attention."

Feeling sillier than Lady Godiva's horse, I bought a beret, a long white silk scarf, a camelhair jacket, shantung slacks and ox-blood half-boots. Sallying forth to the busiest street I could find I drove up and down the avenue for an hour. The only person who even glanced at me was the cop whose fender I almost nicked —my attention being momentarily riveted on the crowds to see how many jeering fingers were pointed in my gaudy direction.

Public-wise, I was invisible. However, I do advise you to keep a spare, conventional suit in the trunk-compartment—just in case you find it necessary to be more than 10 feet away from your sports car at any given moment.

Comfort is for the peasantry. At first, you will probably suffer mildly or extremely from changing to the more rugged, physical aspects of road life in a Runtmobile. The lack of springs will tax your backbone as it hasn't been taxed since you slumped, teen-age style, in a movie seat. Most sports cars do not have springs because the lack of springs allegedly enables them to *corner* (*sports-car-ese* for taking impossible turns at suicidal speeds) better, holding the road where another, spring-constructed vehicle would fly into the scenery.

I soon learned to watch the road *under* the steering-wheel (there's a good two inches of vision beneath the steering-wheel on my car), simply because I couldn't see *over* the steering-wheel. And I'm six-foot-two. But parked on my *sitzfleisch*, securely jammed into the comfy clutch of a bucket-seat, a midget would have to crouch down to whisper in my ear.

I don't know about you, of course, but it took me only something like a month to get to the point where I could stare up at the bottom of a passing Greyhound bus without flinching. Actually, you need this near-reclining position to protect you from the horrendous blast of air coming over the hood; the foot-high Windscreen (fancy-talk for windshield) offers about as much defense from onslaughts of flying insects, cinders and wind in the face as would a DDT spraygun against charging buffalo. Less, maybe.

If you're prone to catch cold, the switchover to hook-on, plastic side-screens from roll-up windows is going to play havoc with your supply of nosedrops.

Why, you may ask, don't these cars *have* windows? What are you trying to do—keep warm in the winter? The true-blue sports car enthusiast simply pulls his beret (or outing cap) more snugly down over his numb ears, shudders courageously beneath his two mufflers, and calmly chips the frost off his face as he tears along through the ceiling-zero visibility.

A last minute thought while we're on the subject of physical comfort: an invalid's cushion will do a lot toward easing your torture until the callouses build up.

Take-off procedure. For many sane years I tooled my old '40 sedan hither and yon with the gay abandon of an old lady scared to travel faster than a brisk crawl. This unexciting manner of driving voided my life of traffic tickets, nervous breakdowns and being addressed by my fellow drivers in violent terms.

However, I was introduced into the secrets of keeping the Runtmobile out of the rough by the chap who sold it to me. He was a roguish type who (I learned later) had been barred from the Indianapolis Speedway for making the competition nervous because of his disregard for keeping all four wheels on the ground.

The accepted method of starting a sports car is to rev the engine up to around 4000 rpm, pop in the clutch, stand on the gas-pedal—thereby hurling yourself into the future while that cop, behind the billboard back there, is still desperately stomping his bike to life. The Runtmobile's acceleration is fantastic. It's the only car I've ever owned in which you can almost break your neck just *getting* into motion.

When your car's motor is in good condition it'll purr like a bevy of well-fed tigers and its performance would delight the soul of a Swiss watchmaker. The only drawback is it's apt to get out of tune quicker than a $10 piano. Every time I found myself staring with horror while a mechanic totalled up a staggering tune-up bill I wondered why I wasn't spending the same fortune on something more sensible—like chorus girls or imported Scotch.

A close study of the 2-liter mill under the hood will reveal a piece of engineering that stuns the mind and stupefies the imagination. My Runtmobile's power-plant has more gadgets than a Novelty Manufacturer's Convention. Almost everything has an adjustment; even some of the adjustments have adjustments.

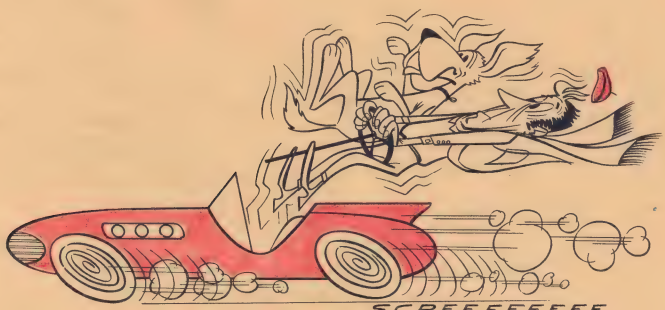
You will get marvelous mileage in town and on long hauls. Try to remember this cheerfully when the garage bills you for a sum that would make the accounting department at Fort Knox sick to its stomach.

Detroit can have its monsters. Summed up, then, we have a brave little conglomeration of metal, leather and glass that lives in a world all of its own. It's a peculiar world, in which you will soon feel as comfortable as if you had always parked in spaces where you couldn't squeeze in a normal car with a derrick.

Before long you'll shoot through heavy traffic—going between, around and (I've yet to do it, myself, but I understand it's been done) *under* the bigger, more clumsy wagons cluttering today's roads. The maneuverability of your little zipster will fill you with sheer joy. You'll find yourself making deft U-turns, in narrow streets where you once crept along, worrying about losing fender paint on the rows of parked cars. You'll even find you're getting to like it.

Unless you're like me.

I'm getting interested in something really practical, fast and economical. *Motorcycles.* END



the Ship
CHESHIRE CHEESE
DIRTY DICK'S
PUB CRAWL
the MITRE
Fitzroy
COCK TAVERN
Seven STARS
intrepid FOX
Hans ZOFF

THRU LONDON

You'll never know what beer is until you've tasted the varied brews of London. Strong, mild, old, sweet, bitter, dark— you pays your money and you takes your choice.

BY MACK REYNOLDS

THE SCHOLAR MUST GET DOWN to fundamentals. The true student of languages goes back to Greek, even to Sanskrit. The student of art studies the work of the old masters, the lawyer returns to Roman law, the playwright to Shakespeare.

Now as to beer-guzzling. . . .

If you're out to become a connoisseur of beer and beer joints, an authority on the science rather than a mere layman and familiar with every gimmick of the game, you're going to have to do some research in London—center of all beer bibbling, Mecca of pub-crawlers.

You can mention bar-hopping in New York, saloon slinking in San Francisco, or tavern-trotting in Chicago but, gentlemen, they are all but a variation on the fundamental, the basic, the pub-crawl of London.

Before descending upon our first pub we are going to need some background. In the land of Uncle Sam most of us are apt to have a rather narrow viewpoint on beerish subjects. Actually, what we drink almost exclusively comes under the heading of lager beer. Ales, stouts, porters, barley wines, bocks and other brews consumed widely abroad are largely unknown except, perhaps, for ale.

Longer known than any other alcoholic beverage, beer has been enjoyed for more than 6,000 years. There are paintings upon Egyptian

tombs illustrating its production. It was not, however, until the Romans brought brewing to England almost 2,000 years ago that the beverage we love began to come into its own.

Beer, briefly, is an extract of barley malt boiled with hops and fermented with yeast. That's *very* briefly. From this point the brewers take off in all directions. They will add rice, corn, sugar. They will ferment it this way or that. They will prepare their malt in a score of different ways. They will age the finished product anywhere from one hour to one year. They will filter it, pasteurize it, and even add coloring material.

Brewing is as extensive an art as the vintners' although there are wino types who tear their hair at the suggestion. One British University has a Professorship of Brewing.

Lager beer, which we drink almost exclusively in the States, is the second of two main types of fermentation. The kind of yeast determines the type; *top fermentation* where the yeast rises to the top produces ales, stouts and porters, and *bottom fermentation* where the yeast falls to the bottom of the tank, gives us lager.

Lager, by the way, is one of the few types of beer suited to be served really cold and when you order lager in an English bar it *is* served cold. British beers are different. They're not built to be drunk chilled and they lose a great deal of their quality with refrigeration. It's as unrewarding to drink cold British beer as it is to drink warm American. The controversy is based on inadequate knowledge of the products of the other country.

For one thing, in the States in the past couple of decades a score or so king-size companies such as Schlitz, Anheuser-Busch, Pabst, Ruppert, Miller, Ballantine and Blatz have practically monopolized the industry. In little England, more than 500 brewers still hold forth. In London alone there are 12 major brewing concerns.

There's another difference, too. American producers, Schlitz for example, usually put out one basic beer. But take Barclay Perkins' brewery which is located on the site of the original Globe Theater where Shakespeare's work first came to life. Barclay Perkins brews *Farmer Ale, Pilsner, Munich Lager, Festival Ale, Golden Hop Ale, Winter Brew, Number One Southwark Ale.* And last, but far from least, *Russian Imperial Stout,* the strongest and blackest beer on regular sale in the world, which was originally brewed to the special order of Catherine the Great. Matured at least two years, it now has a neck label to denote the year of brewing. These are the Barclay Perkins bottled products alone. In addition they put out a selection of draught *milds, olds,* and *bitters.*

Which brings to mind another bit of business we'll have to understand before entering our first pub. Although the British are the beer drinkingest folk anywhere, you could stand for the rest of your life at a British bar and never hear your first order for a beer. They never call it that.

Ordinarily in a British pub you have three major choices of draught; *mild* (medium sweet, medium brown and inexpensive ale); *bitter* (pale brown, somewhat heavier beer); and *old* (deep brown, quite sweet, quite rich). British beer guzzlers mix these to suit individual taste so you'll hear them ordering *mild-and-bitter, bitter-and-old, old-and-mild,* or a *wallop. Mild,* known as a *wallop* in its pure state, is the most common drink of the lad on a budget. As little as a shilling brings a pint.

For the statistically-minded, a shilling is about 14 cents and the British pint is 20 ounces. British brews run in alcoholic content something like so: *milds* and *bitters* 3 percent to 3.7 percent; bottled beers and stouts 4.4 percent, strong ales 6.75 percent, very strong ales 9.3 percent.

VERY STRONG ALE is something unknown in the States. Often called barley wine, it is usually sold in nip bottles of 5- or 6-ounce capacity and has a full sweet flavor. It's as strong as light wine and not recommended for getting swacked. The hangover can be a blockbuster.

If anyone bristled back there when we named the British world champion beer tipplers, let us give you some basic figures on the matter. England, approximately the size of Utah, brews eight million gallons annually, which comes to 72 imperial quarts (40 ounces) for every man, woman and child in the United Kingdom. Since women and children are seldom confirmed soaks, it is estimated that the average male consumes 150 imperial quarts a year. Face it, we Americans don't average this. Average American consumption is 16½ gallons per year.

Of course, the British at one time used to drink whiskey too. But they found that by selling their Scotch abroad they could buy more beer—so they did.

Largely in the United States a bar is a bar. You've been in one, you've been in them all. We'll admit there are some exceptions, a few throughout the nation that are outstanding. In moments of nostalgia we recall *McSorley's Saloon,* oldest in New York; *Pat O'Brien's* and the *Absinthe House* in New Orleans, the *Crystal Bar* in Tombstone, where you can still stick your fingers in the bullet holes from the old days, the *Top of the Mark* in San Francisco, and a few others. But usually the bar in the United States from Portland to Portland and from Duluth to El Paso looks like every other. Chrome, red leather bar stools, Rube Goldberg mixing devices, juke box, television set, pin ball machine—fellow Rogues, we tipple in colorless surroundings.

Which is one very good reason for selecting London for your classic pub-crawl. No two London pubs look the same; each has its own atmosphere, its own *esprit,* its own decor. There is something in the British soul that rebels at elbow-bending in less than picturesque surroundings. This you'll easier believe when we've completed our run-down on London's more famous taverns, inns, pubs and gin mills.

We're going to have to start off fairly early to get in a good day's wassailling. For some fantastic reason British pubs are open only from 11:30 a.m. to 3 p.m. and from 5:30 p.m. to 11 p.m. Once in awhile you will get a half hour variation on this one way or another.

So here we go.

There's a good chance you'll enter London at Liverpool Street Station. If so, directly across the street at 202 Bishopsgate is *Dirty Dick's,* established in 1745 and one of London's most picturesque pubs. The story goes that some 200 years ago Nathaniel Bentley was spurned by a woman and decided it was a waste of time from then on to clean up either himself or his place of business. As Charles Dickens put it:

(Continued on page 76)

Rogue's Gallery

It takes all kinds to make a magazine; if it didn't we'd always be repeating the same photograph. This month's Gallery is an excursion into types —a sort of primer. Sandy Deutsch, our opening example, demonstrates the *gentle* type.

Just as it takes all kinds of Rogues to make a world, so it takes all kinds of girls to please them. Lynn Edison, at left, is a cool, controlled, classic type, with formal beauty.

Carole Wood (right) was born with it. She has been a model and has run her own model agency. But despite these mundane business ventures she has a direct three-letter appeal.

Audi Ragona (below) is the pert, merry sort of minx, forever bubbling with humor and good spirits. She will keep you entertained and full of enchantment. Fun, though not relaxing.

THE
Dalziel

FABLIAU OF THE MOUSE

Bobo had read many books but somehow he missed one elementary lesson in zoology.

TRANSLATED BY T. E. BULL

This is the first of a series of Roguish fables translated from the Medieval French by T. E. Bull. The famous Fabliau of the Mouse *was originally told in a kind of narrative verse. The form has died out but the story has lived because it is as old as Eden's tree yet as modern as today's paper. Most of the* fabliaux *deal with love on the outer fringes of respectability. Some are no better than the greenest jokes.* Rogue *will publish a number of* fabliaux *with sufficient plot to catch the interest of the modern male reader.*

EVERY *FABLIAU* is a triangle and every triangle partakes a little of a *fabliau*. But the *Fabliau of the Mouse* had four characters, not three, if you consider the mouse.

Yvette was the focal point of the triangle. She was a farmer's only daughter. She was lush and beautiful and her idea of heaven was a hayloft and Pierre.

Pierre was her cousin twice removed. He was tall and dark and virile as a stallion. He wanted Yvette as she wanted him, and he wanted her even if she married Bobo.

Bobo had been Yvette's fiancé for a long time. He was plump and innocent and the light of his mother's eye. He dreamed of a wedding but if you had questioned him closely he could not have told you exactly what he expected from it. He simply did not know, but if what he read in books was true, marriage and love must be very wonderful institutions.

The mouse? It belonged to Yvette, although for reasons of his own Pierre laid some claim to its possession.

For reasons of delicacy and time it would be best to avoid description of the creature except as the tale unfolds.

The wedding day drew near and each corner of the triangle evaluated matters from its own viewpoint. Yvette saw in marriage to Bobo and his money an escape from the drudgery of her father's kitchen. Marriage with Bobo meant servants, leisure, new dresses, sweets, and a chance to continue to make Pierre happy. From time to time, she reflected, she would be able to pass a little of Bobo's cash on to her lover. With both money and her beauty to occupy his mind, Pierre would never stray.

Pierre offered no objections. He had Yvette's promise for a satisfactory arrangement later.

Bobo thought that marriage would make a man of him. Had not Madame, his mother, told him so repeatedly? And Bobo wanted terribly, desperately, to become a man. He had read a bit on how one arrived at the coveted state but he longed for the experience itself. Something about Yvette, even in the way she walked, gave him hopes of great success.

Two weeks before the ceremony Pierre met Yvette in their favorite rendezvous. He kissed her more passionately than usual, she thought. "I should hate you for going into this marriage," he said fiercely. Then he laughed and added, "But I don't. You smell too good to hate."

Yvette snuggled against him and breathed in the rich, medieval pungence of his hair and skin. Then she kissed his beard, his eyes and his lips. "I should hate you for letting me go into it, *Ami*," she whispered. "But I don't. We're two of a kind, you know. But what can we do about it now?"

He kissed her again. "Just what we are doing, *Amie*," he said. "And we shall keep on with it, too."

THE WEDDING was as smooth as silk. Madame had spared no expense. Yvette looked like a young Aphrodite in white satin and creamy old lace. Watching her standing beside him, Bobo thought he could feel manhood creeping upon him by the second. Perhaps the information he had packed into his head from books had something to do with it, but surely the way Yvette looked had a great deal more. "Tonight she'll make a man of me!" he chanted under his breath. "Tomorrow I'll be a man!"

Yvette saw Madame hurry off on some errand. She saw the priest and Bobo talking to a group of old ladies. Then her family came crowding around to kiss her. There was her father, of course, and her brothers Armand and Alphonse. And there was Cousin Pierre who was never absent when kisses were being handed out. When he stepped up for his kiss she let her hands rest on his wide shoulders and felt the muscles grow tense and hard.

The contact electrified her. She looked deeply into his dark eyes, and the thought of a wedding night with Bobo made her a little ill. Madame's words the evening before flooded her mind before she could close them out. "You must be patient with Bobo," she had said. "He has led a sheltered life, my dear. But I always say that when two young people go to each other as pure as the driven snow . . . well . . . well, they have a better start than others. . . ."

Yvette remembered how she had lowered her head to keep Madame from catching the glint of amusement in her eyes "Of course, Madame," she had said. "Bobo and I shall make our way through these mysteries together."

As she let her hands massage Pierre's shoulder muscles and felt his curly black beard tickle her cheek as he kissed her lightly, a plan was born.

"Pierre," she whispered. "I think I can get rid of Bobo tonight. When you see him leave the house and ride away, climb the apple tree to my chamber."

She heard him catch his breath. She continued as rapidly as she could. "One more thing, Pierre, and this is very important. Go to the farm as soon as you leave the church, catch a mouse, and put it in a box tied with a string."

"Did you say a mouse, Yvette?"

"I said a mouse. And I have no time to explain now. But you won't regret it if you do what I say."

As soon as Madame had shut them into the big bedroom and retired with admonitory cluckings, Bobo tried to kiss her. He was clumsy about it, but he did try. "Maybe," she thought, "he isn't as innocent as we think. After all, he is 20. I wonder what Madame may have told him or what he has read in these books of his. I wonder what he really knows."

She took off her clothes with pretended modesty, noting with gratification now the limb of the apple tree nearest the window sagged. Pierre had arrived.

She watched Bobo and saw his eyes pop with anticipation. Suddenly she turned her back to him, uttered a low and terrible cry. Then she threw herself face down on the quilt and pretended to weep bitterly.

Bobo was at her side in a second. He stroked her hair and patted her hands. His face was a study of anxiety. "What is it, dear," he whispered in alarm. "Are you ill?"

She let him see her face for a moment and forced a few tears. "Bobo, my poor Bobo!" she cried. "I thought I had brought everything from the farm but in the excitement I seem to have forgotten the most important thing of all."

His eyes were two dreadful question marks. "What did you forget? What? What?"

She shook with sobs. "I forgot to bring my mouse," she wept, and as she said it she turned on her back and placed both hands on the spot where it seemed she kept the little thing.

Bobo turned brick-red and croaked, "Do you have to have it tonight? On our wedding night, Yvette? I had not planned on going out . . ."

"Do I have to have it, Bobo? What a question! I thought you knew these things."

"I thought so, too, but I must have read the wrong book. What do you want me to do?"

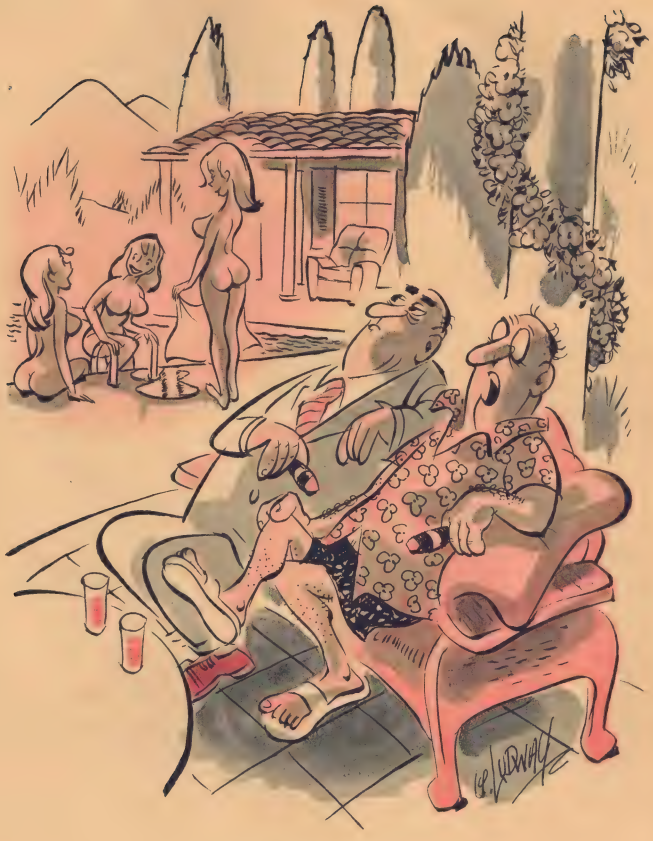
"It's only 10 miles to the farm, Bobo . . ."

He swallowed the bait. "I can ride there and back in less than two hours. If you'll wait up for me, Yvette, I'll go."

"Would you go, Bobo? If you will, I won't sleep a wink, until you return. Go now, immediately. But do not drop my mouse or let it out, whatever you do."

He was in the hall and halfway down the stairs before he remembered that she hadn't told him where she kept it.

"It's in a little box on my dresser," she said, looking at the leafy boughs outside the window. "Hurry, Bobo. I can hardly wait for you to start." (*Continued on page 57*)



"Here I get along with just the bare necessities."

TAB HUNTER Continued from page 26

classes there he learned that his old friend, Dick Clayton, was working in a New York musical, "Pardon My French."

Tab engineered a week-end pass and went to see the play. Clayton let Tab and a couple of his service buddies stay overnight at his Greenwich Village apartment.

During one of these weekend leaves in Manhattan Tab met an attractive, dark-eyed girl at a Broadway skating rink. "It was just one of those sudden things," says Hunter. "After the skating session was over she asked would I like to take her home. I said 'Sure, honey, but I'm flat broke.' I told her to hang on, that I'd be back the next weekend with my check. Well, I got my hundred bucks service pay and met her at Grand Central. She was a very hot chick, maybe a couple of years older than me and we made all the rounds, ending up at the Village Barn at four in the morning. I walked her home through the snow . . . And when I held her close that morning I didn't know we'd never see each other again. Next day I was shipped out to the Coast, to San Pedro and that ended it. But I don't think I'll ever be able to forget her."

THE COAST GUARD discovered that Tab was under age and returned him to civilian life. At 16 he went back to San Francisco and obtained a job as a sheet-metal worker. Now he grimaces as he recalls that grim plant existence. "I'd never done work like this before, and my fingers were always cut and bleeding. I stayed there long enough to earn money for my skating."

He began to win ice skating championships, carrying home a half-dozen silver trophies in the following months.

Tab was on the verge of a professional skating career when a chance meeting with a Hollywood agent turned into a film offer in 1949. Hunter quit his sheetmetal work for a two-line speaking part in a western, "The Lawless." "And both lines ended up on the cutting room floor," sighs Hunter. "But I was hooked. I knew I wanted to be an actor for sure."

His brief performance brought him once again to the attention of Dick Clayton, now working as an actors' agent in the film capitol. Dick immediately contacted Tab and offered to handle his career.

This was the first step in Hunter's rise to stardom. First off, Clayton suggested that a suitable Hollywood name replace Art Gelien. "I liked my real name but Dick said it would be dead weight at the box-office and I figured he knew the business." Recalling that his young friend liked to ride hunters, and must be tabbed something—Clayton came up with Tab Hunter.

The "magic name" didn't do the young actor any good over the ensuing months. No movie offers were forthcoming. Tab skated and "played around," waiting for something to break. He was in and out of a variety of short-term jobs; soda-jerk, fry cook, usher, and package-wrapper at Barker's. "I'd get a job, become restless, and move on to the next one. I figured I was washed up as far as films were concerned."

He was wrong. In 1951, two full years after "The Lawless," a meeting with actor Paul Guilfoyle led to Tab's first starring role—that of the shipwrecked young Marine in "Island of Desire," opposite sultry Linda Darnell. Guilfoyle knew that director Stuart Heisler was on the lookout for an actor to fill the part and he sent Tab around.

"I was hired on the spot for $250 a week," recalls Hunter. "I cashed my first paycheck and blew the whole thing on buying a horse."

Horses can prove costly, as Tab soon found out. What with shoeing, grooming, training and feeding, all of his money seemed to be going into the animal's keep. "I just had to get rid of him," Tab says sadly. "It was me or the horse."

Upon completion of "Island," Tab met starlet Lori Nelson and the couple hit it off at once. Tab took Lori to Las Vegas for the star-studded opening of the fabulous Dunes Hotel.

"But he left his checkbook home," says Lori. "And for a good reason. Last time Tab went to Vegas he dropped over $300 at the tables. This time we used part of a ten-spot I had with me to play the slot machines, just saving enough for cab fare."

Tab cheerfully admits to an inability to hang onto money. "It just slips through my fingers like sand through a sieve." Recently Tab hired a business agent to handle his financial affairs and, as he says, "I'm a lot better off in the money department."

ALTHOUGH HIS fan mail jumped to 4,000 missives a week after "Island of Desire" was released, the critics blasted Tab's performance in the film. One of them remarked: "This blonde pretty-boy has all the acting ability of a calcified tree stump."

Their opinion didn't change when Tab appeared in "Return to Treasure Island." Even his agent-pal, Dick Clayton, thought that Hunter was so bad he hoped the picture would be shown only in drive-ins. "I'd be ashamed to see it appear anywhere else," said Clayton.

Criticism at this stage of his career had practically no effect on young Hunter. He was far too busy tooling his black Thunderbird from one cocktail party to the next to worry much about critical reactions. Tab was gathering quite a reputation for a rather free-wheeling romantic style with variegated young things. "Mr. Hunter continues to wend his careless way through the Hollywood gardens of love where they say only peaches grow," smirked one columnist. Among said peaches: Lori Nelson, Terry Moore, Joanne Gilbert, Debbie Reynolds, Pat Crowley, et al.

"The whole trouble was," Tab admits, "I was content to just drift along, without giving much thought to my development as an actor. I was pretty green when I made my first few pictures but I didn't realize just *how* green. After Warners put me under contract I began to worry about my role in "The Sea Chase." We had a long stay in Hawaii on location and I was never so lonely or depressed in my life. When I saw the finished picture I asked myself: 'Where did my part go?' I knew I'd never get anywhere doing things like that. The future would have to be different and no one could make it different except me."

Meanwhile Clayton was after Tab to "dig in and study." His advice took root. "It was only when I began to listen to him," says Tab, "that the seriousness of a picture career became clear in my mind."

A role in television was the deciding factor. Clayton had lined up a fat part for Hunter in "The Jim Piersall Story." At first, the importance of the part didn't register with Tab. On the last day of rehearsal, however, the fact that he would soon be watched by not hundreds but by millions of critical people threw him into a panic. "You got me into this," he shouted at Clayton. "And I'll never be able to go through with it. You're fired!"

The hour arrived when the show was due to be telecast. Trembling with fear, a shaky Tab Hunter stepped before the camera to deliver his first line. With that line, with the carefully-rehearsed opening words, the fear and tension vanished. He turned in his most successful performance — and Clayton was waiting in his dressing room to congratulate him. He held a telegram from Jack Warner in his hand and he was smiling broadly. Needless to add, Clayton was rehired.

"After that show I buckled down," states Tab. "I knew I needed to learn plenty about acting. I'd been attending drama classes with Jo Graham off and on for eight months, and now I started showing up on a regular basis. It helped plenty."

"Sorry, Eleanor . . . but Friday is fish day!"

In his next two pictures, "Track of the Cat" and "Battle Cry," Tab demonstrated what he had learned and his stock at Warners zoomed. Both films were well received by the movie-going public.

"Funny thing happened when 'Battle Cry' came out," says Tab. "On the night that the film had its premiere in Hollywood I got a telegram which read: 'Congratulations on your work and career.' It was signed: 'Helm.' For a minute there I was thrown for a loss. Then I realized that the telegram was from my father—a man I'd never known. Thing like this can give you a real odd feeling."

He was ice skating at Lake Placid when the studio called him home for a small part in a new picture—which angered Tab to the point of refusing to take any more minor roles. "It wouldn't have been so bad if it had been a good part, but it was totally insignificant."

Hunter subsequently risked suspension by refusing to appear in the Liberace film, "Sincerely Yours." He felt the role meant nothing, careerwise, and agent Clayton backed him up in this.

He agreed to team with the 18-year-old sensation, Natalie Wood, in "The Burning Hills," a film which won Hunter many new fans. Letters cascaded in to Warners, demanding a "rematch."

"We consider Hunter and Wood a magic combination," declared a studio bigwig. "They're absolute box-office dynamite."

Tab and Natalie were quickly co-starred in "The Girl He Left Behind," which solidly established both of them as top-drawer personalities with the teen-age set.

HUNTER BEGAN dating a "choice selection" of film starlets, his favorites being those who loved the same sports he did. He describes his first meeting with pert Gloria Gordon, a frequent escort. "It was a real scorcher of a day in the middle of summer and the set was so hot you could fry eggs on it. Then the door opens and in comes Gloria. She was wearing an off-the-shoulder dress and she carried a little parasol. I'm telling you, she looked cool as an ice-box cookie. We had ourselves a ball when I found out she loved to ride horses as much as I did."

Tab goes for girls who are sexy without being obvious about it. He still considers Lana Turner a perfect example of what he means. "Of all the actresses I've watched on the screen," he says, "she's the one who has always epitomized sex-appeal for me. When I got a chance to work with her in one of my early films I was all nervous and flustered. I had one lousy line to speak to her: 'Thanks for doing my laundry.' When the cameras rolled I stepped up to her and said with magnificent arrogance: 'Thanks for luing my daundry.'"

He believes that Dorothy Malone has the sexiest eyes in Hollywood. "They seem to mirror everything she's thinking. And they can change in an instant. They'll be smoldering one second, teasing or inviting the next."

Tab enjoys quiet get-togethers at his small apartment, which features a private patio and fish pond. One recent moonlit evening he invited a special girl friend to dinner. "Just hamburgers, salad and garlic bread," says Tab, "but I wanted things to be perfect. I wanted to impress her with my cooking. Well, a few minutes after I put the burgers on the grill, the whole broiler burst into flames. I did the only darn thing I could think of—carried them out, blazing, and dumped them into the fish pond!"

On another occasion, while dishing up spaghetti, he accidentally flipped a whole gooey plateful in the lap of his date, Lori Nelson.

Now Tab is mining a new talent: singing. "I had been taking lessons for quite awhile and I cut my first disc for DOT not long ago." Tab warbled "Young Love" and "Red Sails in the Sunset" in a deep, husky voice. "Took us 11 takes to get the tape we wanted but I think it came out okay." Randy Wood, who has discovered such stars as Pat Boone and Johnny Maddox, thinks he has another headliner on his string. He predicts a "great singing future" for Hunter.

But Tab isn't happy. He still wants to act.

"It's not enough," he says stubbornly, shaking his blonde head. "Singing, I mean. A while back maybe it would have been, but you change in this town. You come into the business wet behind the ears and you believe in everything and everybody. Then something happens. It's in the people you meet and the things they do to you along the way. And I'm not saying there aren't a lot of wonderful people in this game, because there are. But I'm just not the shiny-faced, easy-to-please, trusting kid I used to be. The point is, *you* don't change; people and circumstances change you. It's an outside job."

Hunter is still firmly convinced that he has the potential for a dramatic future in pictures. "Maybe I did get off on the wrong foot when I came out here. I cooperated with every dumb publicity gag in the shop. The actor should come first, then the public figure. That's the natural order. But I didn't have a choice and people tend to forget that fact. I'm just not going to let them write me off. I know I can act. It'll take two things as I see it: strong parts and hard work. I'm willing to work my head off if they'll give me the right part. And I know I'll get it someday."

END

DREAM STUFF

Continued from page 32

the liquor cabinet. From a bottle marked DREAMS, she took out a small white tablet and dropped it into a tall glass. She half filled the glass with whiskey and mix and fixed a second for herself.

Walking around Denny's chair she offered him the drink she had mixed first.. In a short time it should make him compliant to any command. It would be the easiest way to get rid of him and do him no harm. He would return to his saucer but all the while he would be dreaming, delightfully, of whatever desire was uppermost in his mind. Perhaps he would even dream that his mission had been fulfilled.

"Thank you." Denny rose and took both drinks from her hands. He poured the content from one glass to another and back again several times.

"Why are you doing that?" Did he know about the tablet? Darleen wondered.

Denny's eyebrows raised in surprise. "Oh, I'd forgotten," he said. "This is merely one of our customs. Do you have any objection?"

Darleen thought quickly. She couldn't let him become suspicious or there was no knowing what he might do. She'd have to take her chances with the drink. The dream tablet was new to him; he should be first to feel its effects. "None at all." She took the drink he offered her.

"Now we will each drink to the bottom," Denny said. Darleen did not argue. She drained her glass.

"Palatable. Extremely so." Denny slumped back in his chair. "Please sit near me."

Darleen took a chair a few feet away. "Tell me about your world," she said, unobtrusively watching his expression.

For the first time Denny smiled. "It is a beautiful world," he began. "Smaller than this, and different, but I think you would like it." He paused, puffed out his cheeks, and let his breath out in a long burst of air. "Does alcohol increase body heat?" he asked. "All at once I find myself uncomfortably warm."

"Sometimes," Darleen answered.

"I don't care for it, but John just loves long hair."

She still felt nothing. But she knew she had only a few minutes more before she would.

Denny unbuttoned his coat and, with a bit of trouble, took it off and tossed it on the floor. "My world," he said, "is very . . ." He stopped. His eyes moved slightly toward each other and he smiled loosely.

Now, Darleen thought. She had to move quickly—before the drug affected her also. She rose and took his hand. "You will have to leave now, Denny," she said. She pulled him, unprotesting, to his feet.

She did not take the time to help him on with his coat, but led him directly to the door. Opening it she pushed him into the hallway. "Return to your ship, Denny," she said.

He stood smiling at her as she closed the door.

QUICKLY DARLEEN pulled her dress over her head and let herself fall on the room's single bed. She had been only just in time. Even now she felt a delicious warmth steal over her. Her dream would begin any moment. She wondered, in a haze of tranquil anticipation, what it would be. He certainly had been good looking, she mused. Too bad she'd had to send him away. Those deep violet eyes had been beautiful. But of course she couldn't . . .

When the knock came on her door she was not surprised. The knock would not be real. Nothing that happened for the rest of the night would be. At the time it would seem real enough, but it would be a dream. She could relax, throw restraint to the winds, enjoy herself. Tomorrow she would wake up and be none the worse for her experience. The dream drug was non-habit forming. Everybody used it these days to ease the tedium of life, to live to the fullest—without any of the usual penalties.

If she thought she heard a knock Denny would be returning—but in her imagination only. She was glad. She had hoped she would dream of him.

She went to the door and opened it. Denny was standing outside, smiling at her—as she had known he would be. "Come in," she invited warmly.

"I had to return," Denny said. "I . . ."

"Of course you did," Darleen agreed. She stepped into his embrace, put her arms around his neck, and pulled his head forward until his lips pressed against hers. . . .

A splash of sunlight falling across Darleen's face wakened her. She lay for several minutes enjoying her memories of the night. The dream had been as pleasant as any she remembered.

She turned on her side and a slip of paper on her pillow brushed against her cheek. She opened her eyes. With a puzzled frown she read the message written on the paper:

Thank you for a wonderful night. My only regret is that I am unable to leave the thousand dollars I promised to pay you. You see, we do not have any of your money, and there was no way for me to get it. I had to lie to you to fulfill my mission. Please do not think too badly of me.

Denny

Darleen lay for several minutes before the full import of the message penetrated the sleepy grogginess of her mind. When it did she was very angry—for a time. The drug hadn't worked then. The half strength had not been enough. Her anger left her and she lifted her shoulders philosophically. There was nothing she could do about it now.

She rose from the bed and her glance lighted on Denny's ornate coat laying on the floor. Thoughtfully she picked it up and examined it.

She dressed with her mind reviewing everything that had happened the night before. When she finished she tossed the coat across her forearm and left the room.

She had been right. Rubies on Denny's world must be as common as pebbles on Earth.

The first jeweler appraised the six ruby buttons on the coat as being worth five thousand dollars. END

THE BLONDE LIEUTENANT

Continued from page 22

didn't know quite how to phrase what I wanted to say. Apparently "Uh" was enough.

"What time does your bus leave for Munich?" she asked.

"Eight o'clock."

"Okay. The answer to your 'uh' is yes. I'll meet you at the bus-stop at five to eight."

"That's—that's—"

"Isn't it?" She grabbed my arm and pushed me toward the door. "Go on, get out of here before I forget I'm an officer and a gentleman."

"You're an officer," I said, "but you're sure no gentleman."

"Get," she said, and blushed. I got.

I DIDN'T EXPECT her to show up at five to eight but by gosh she did. And she embarrassed us both by saying "You *do* have pants," which caused a lot of heads to swivel and eyes to stare among the rest of the people waiting for the Munich bus.

My favorite word with Louise popped out again. "Uh—"

"Must we forever lead a double-meaning existence?" she asked.

"Don't ask me," I said. "I didn't start it Not this time."

Then the bus came and we got aboard. With all those people around we didn't get to talk much during the hour-long trip. The only thing we had in common so far was the fact that we had both used the same shower and that wasn't exactly the proper subject for public conversation. I did manage to ask her, *sotto voce*, what she had done when Polly came back and found the hot water working. She answered, also *sotto voce*, that she had told Polly that the pipes suddenly started banging and the hot water came through.

Then, of course, we told each other where we were from and what schools we'd gone to and how we happened to be in the Air Force (I had to admit I was draft-dodging), and how long we'd been in Germany and stuff like that, all so completely boring to anybody else that I won't even recount it here. And then the bus reached the *bahnhof* in Munich and we got off.

"Well," said Louise. "Where shall we go?"

"Be darned if I know," I admitted. We stood out in front of the *bahnhof*, people rushing by us in both directions, going inside to catch their trains and coming out, having got off trains. A few girls walked slowly back and forth on the sidewalk.

"Haven't you ever been to Munich before?" she asked me.

"Sure," I said. "But I always went across the street there. That doesn't seem too appropriate right now."

"No, it doesn't," she said, and blushed for the second time since I'd met her. I remembered that the other time had not been when she handed me her robe.

"Let's just walk around," I said.

So we just walked around and I thanked her again for saving my stripe, not to mention my life, and after a while we got to be very friendly. The friendliest I'd ever been with a lieutenant. I was rather happy we were both in civvies. I was particularly happy about her civvies. She didn't look like Mother Hubbard, that's for sure.

After a while we found a quiet little *gasthaus* with no Americans inside and with a violinist who played sad music with a sad expression on his face and we drank *Munchner* beer, the best in the world. I asked the violinist, in my scrabble German, to play a waltz, which he did, and we fox-trotted to it, which he took philosoph-

"Thank you, Jamison. Bring us cocktails, dim the lights, put on some records, and Jamison, ah . . . . swallow this key."

ically since all Americans seem to fox-trot to waltzes; it's the way of the world. Then we drank some more *Munchner* beer. *Munchner* beer always makes me drowsy and dreamy and very, very friendly, in a relaxed, intimate sort of way, and it seemed to have the same effect on Louise.

A good long while later, while we were fox-trotting to another waltz, Louise whispered in my ear, "Do you know what I'd like to do?"

My right foot stepped on my left foot. "What?"

"I'd like to go to the *Hofbrauhaus*. I've never seen it and I've heard all sorts of things about it."

"Oh," I said. "Heck, it's just a beer hall. Noisy and everything."

"That's all right," she whispered. "I want to see it."

So we went to the *Hofbrauhaus*. I had to keep asking directions all the way and I'm afraid both of us staggered slightly from time to time, so we probably did bad things for American prestige in Germany but what the hell; we were slightly lit and going to the *Hofbrauhaus* and didn't much give a damn.

We went upstairs in the *Hofbrauhaus* to the second floor, with the huge tables and the German band (you know, oompah, oompah) and the litre beers (slightly over a quart) and found seats at one of the tables after a long search through the packed hall. Everybody was singing the drinking song, the one that goes, *"In Munchen steht ein Hofbrauhaus, Ein, Zwei, Ksuffa,"* a free translation of which is, "In Munich there's a *Hofbrauhaus*, One, Two, Guzzle," and pretty soon we were waving the stone liter mugs of beer and singing along with everybody else. There's more to the song, but I only know it when I'm drunk. At any rate, after the final *"Ksuffa!"* in the song a guy sitting in the chandelier wouldn't see anything but the bottoms of mugs.

I bought Louise a little Bavarian hat from one of the girls selling souvenirs, and a little statute of a fat man drinking beer from another one, and pretty soon we were both gassed and for the life of me that's all I remember. Except I have a vague memory of mumbling something to a cab driver about a friendly hotel.

"Can I get these parking meters changed from a one-hour to a 12-minute limit?"

THAT'S ONE of the major regrets of my life, that I don't remember any more about that evening. The sun in my eyes woke me up around 10:30, and the first thing I saw was a blue eye. And I wasn't looking in a mirror.

That was rather a strange beginning for the day. Louise and I were strangers again, all the beer having drained out of our heads. Waking up in bed with a stranger, while surprising for me, was somewhat more of a shock for her. I remember grinning sheepishly and repeating my favorite word, "Uh," about a thousand times while Louise stared at the wall and tried to decide whether to be enraged or heartbroken. Then the whole situation must have struck her as being rather funny, for she laughed. I laughed, too, following her cue and we were friends again.

So we went back to the *Hofbrauhaus* for lunch, eating in the open courtyard in the center of the building, near the daytime band with their short leather pants and Bavarian hats and green vests. We had the coldcut plate, salami and lettuce and tomato and cheese and stuff like that, and washed it all down with beer. Louise then looked at her watch, screamed, and announced that she'd be AWOL if she didn't grab a cab right away. So we took a cab back to the base, which cost 20 marks, and discovered that we were both to leave that evening, she for her base in western France and me for my outfit in northern Germany. That made us disconsolate but we bucked up, accepting it as just one more sacrifice we had to make in the interests of national defense.

The AP at the gate leered at us as we showed him our passes but Louise glared at him so hard he could see the silver lieutenant's bars in her eyes and he passed us through without a comment. We said farewell after I'd paid the cab, made vague promises about meeting again, and that was that.

Of course I got busted to Airman Basic anyway, since I was supposed to have been present for duty at eight o'clock in the morning and hadn't made it till 1:30, but I took it all calmly. It was just one of the fortunes of cold war, or hot peace.

And though I got busted, I never join in when I hear guys gripe about officers. I just smile and light a cigarette and put a Jackie Gleason record on the phonograph. I could tell them all officers aren't louses, some of them aren't bad at all. But why bother? They wouldn't believe a word I said anyway. END

FABLIAU OF MOUSE

Continued from page 48

MINUTES LATER the hoofbeats of his horse rang loud on the cobbles of the courtyard and the slamming of the heavy gate broke the silence again. The branch of the apple tree shook violently and then she saw Pierre's long legs dangle over the windowsill. Before the hoofbeats died out in the distance, Pierre was beside her and she was in his arms.

Bobo reached the farmhouse a good hour later and banged noisily on the door. Yvette's father could hardly believe his eyes when he cracked the door and saw the plump pink face of his new son-in-law.

"You here *tonight*, Bobo? Is Yvette ill or dead?"

"Nothing like that, Sir. She forgot something and I came to get it for her." And pushing past the old man, he rushed into Yvette's room to emerge with a box wrapped in paper and tied with a stout cord.

"Here it is," he exulted. "It's a bit smaller than I expected, but it's safe and sound."

"What is?" cried Yvette's father in confusion.

"Why Yvette's mouse," said Bobo. "I can hear it moving when I shake the box. Goodnight, Sir. Someday I'll explain all this and apologize for getting you out of bed. Goodnight."

Bobo rode the horse into a lather. When they came to the millstream that lay halfway between the farm and Madame's great house, the animal stopped. There was nothing for it but to let him wade into the water and drink his fill. "And besides," thought Bobo, "I have made wonderful time and can still be back with Yvette before the two hours is up."

He shook the box again and smiled at the sound of little feet clawing to get out. "Don't be so anxious," he laughed. "It won't be too long, Mousey, until I give you to Yvette. You and I will become good friends."

Then an evil thought crawled into his head. "It wouldn't hurt to take a look," he said aloud. He glanced suspiciously over his shoulder to see if anyone was around. "Just one little peek."

With shaking hands he untied the string and lifted the lid of the box ever so little. Something dark and furry slipped like a shadow over the edge and fell with a little splash into the millstream.

"Oh my!" cried Bobo. "It got away. I'll have to catch it."

He was still crawling around on all fours in the muddy water and weeping piteously when Pierre reined his horse and sat watching him.

Bobo was talking to himself. "Where will I get another? Who would part with one for love or money? What will become of us?"

"What are you looking for, Bobo?" Pierre asked at last.

Bobo started violently. "Oh, it's you, Pierre. You must help me or I'm ruined. I could kill myself! I opened the box and let Yvette's mouse get away. I'm afraid it has drowned."

Pierre clapped a hand over his mouth. "You didn't really lose it, did you Bobo? You didn't really lose her mouse?"

"Yes I did, Pierre."

"Bobo! Good heavens, boy! Do you know what you've done?"

"I'm not a child, Pierre, and I know as well as you. But this is no time for recrimination. Come help me look for it."

Pierre looked at the new suede boots Yvette had given him just before he left her. He had no desire to ruin them in the muddy water.

"Are you certain it fell in the water, Bobo?" he asked.

"Of course. I heard the splash distinctly."

Pierre scratched his head and, as usual, a good idea popped into it. "When did it escape, Bobo?"

"Oh not more than 15 minutes ago. The point is that it's gone." And he began to weep again and wring his fat hands.

"Wait a minute, Bobo. Stop crying. Now that I think of it, I heard something scuttle past me up on the hill as I rounded the curve. A sound in the leaves. It could have been Yvette's mouse on its way to her. If you'll hurry on home I wouldn't be at all surprised if it was there when you arrive."

"Could it find the way, Pierre?"

"It probably could. Mice have a way of getting around."

"Now you be sure and come in again tomorrow. These mosquito bites can become dangerous if neglected."

Bobo squealed with delight and climbed on his horse. "Maybe I can beat it home and catch it as it tries to slip into the house," he cried. "And I know Yvette will forgive me. She's a kind girl, and generous."

"Who should know that better than I?" said Pierre softly. "She and I are kin, you know. You have a real wife, Bobo. I envy you."

The horse took wings under Bobo's spurs and the gateman barely had time to step out of the way as it swept into the courtyard. Bobo left it standing in the yard and took the steps three at a time. He burst into the room without knocking and found his wife lying quietly in bed, her eyes dreamy and sensual. Her long brown curls swept over the pillow and across her bare breasts, and her eyes flashed with an odd scorn.

"Well?" she said.

For a moment he could not catch his breath. At last he said, "Yvette, your mouse got out of the box and fell into the millstream. Pierre came by and told me he thought he heard it running down the road toward home. Did it get here safely?"

Yvette giggled.

"It's here, all right Bobo. Though it's had a long hard journey tonight."

Slowly Bobo glanced to the place where he knew such mice belong. It was there just as she had said. END

LIFE WITHOUT A FATHER Continued from page 10

sary to women as they think they are," was the outcry on beer row.

In homes old quarrels were rekindled. Women claimed they had been wronged, that there are apparently more ways than one to come by a bundle from heaven. Divorced husbands beat their breasts in remorse for having dragged their wives into court when the girls may have been virgin-birth innocents.

Doctors and nurses remembered they had come up against inexplicable pregnancies which only virgin birth seemed to fully explain.

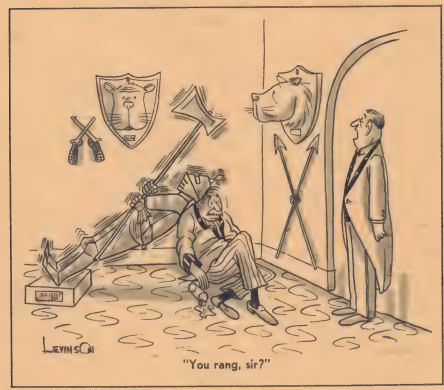
Scientific articles added to the rumpus.

The tenet of virgin birth, the public learned, was as old as the human race. Primitive people as well as the highly civilized ancient Greeks believed in it. Savage tribes even today take it for granted. It played a part in a dozen early religions. Only scientific, technical man tries to ignore this creed of earlier times.

In the animal kingdom, virgin birth was said to be normal and commonplace. Many spider varieties reproduce both ways. If there isn't a male handy the female will just go ahead on her own, laying unfertilized, fertile eggs. In bees and wasps, fertilized eggs grow into workers and queens, unfertilized eggs into drones (males).

Sea urchins can be prodded into motherhood, as a bearded Frenchman discovered 50 years ago. Several methods proved equally effective. Pricking the eggs with a needle or putting them temporarily into water saltier than the sea, or exposing them to temperatures that were higher or lower than usual. Whether male sea urchins like it or not, any kind of irritation has the same effect as male fertilization.

Now, this spiny-skinned sea animal is way down the ladder in Nature's zoo. What about warm-blooded, more highly-developed animals? There are cases on record of rabbits, cats and fowl having surprised their owners with unexpected offspring. Breeders of laboratory animals will admit to having come across pregnancy in segregated females. If not much was ever made of such cases it was due to the ingrained belief that life without a father is impossible. It seemed easier to blame carelessness or "mating through the fence" for the mishaps.



"You rang, sir?"

AS FAR BACK AS 1939, two Americans, G. Pincus and H. Shapiro, showed that fatherless offspring is possible even among higher mammals. The two researchers pricked rabbit eggs inside the womb, or cooled or warmed them, or exposed them to salt solutions—duplicating the treatment so successful with sea urchins. Pincus and Shapiro produced a number of virgin-birth rabbits, but soon stopped (probably frightened by the well-known birth rate.)

But since irritation amounts to fertilization the rabbits still didn't prove that a warm-blooded female can produce without a male's help. But that last illusion, too, was soon to be tossed on the rubbish heap.

Two other American scientists, E. O. Strassmann and M. C. Chang, examined the ovaries of segregated ferrets. What did they find but frequent instances of development, exactly as if the eggs had been fertilized.

Soon turkey hens could be added to the parade of sexless mothers. Dr. M. W Olsen, a scientist with the Research Center, U. S. Agriculture Department, at Beltsville, Md., recently managed to grow six turkey poults from unfertilized eggs. Olsen wasn't wasting taxpayers' money on a stunt, he was trying to learn why turkey eggs often won't hatch. He found the answer. The eggs miss because twenty-six per cent of them contain embryos even if

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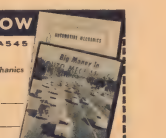

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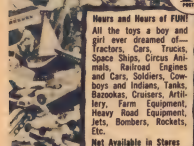

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Incidentally, writing about his turkeys in 1954 in *Science* magazine, Dr. Olsen stated that fatherless births might easily occur among humans. No one paid any attention to him. It wasn't till more than a year later when Helen Spurway in London started beating the drum that people all over the world began to listen.

Helen's ideas on the subject, however, were not at all the result of sexless birth: she owes her brainstorm to her husband, Prof. J. B. S. Haldane who, like her, is a London University professor and a world-famed biologist. Haldane had been sucked into this virgin-birth business while studying the sex life of the guppy. The guppy, as you know, is that one-to-two-inch-long Caribbean fish which decorates many fishbowls with its vivid colors and bears living young.

To find out really everything there was to know about the sexual behavior of the female guppy, Haldane kept one of them, named D9, in a tank all by herself in chaste loneliness.

One day he noticed to his angry amazement that D9 was beginning to bulge in the wrong places. Some male guppy must have told her a bedtime story. Haldane shouted for the laboratory attendant.

"D9 is pregnant—what's happened?"

The attendant looked blank.

"Last time you cleaned the tank you must have put her into one with a male," Haldane charged.

"Sir, I swear I didn't. I couldn't have made a mistake—the males are over on the other side."

The man was usually reliable, so Haldane didn't insist. Once D9 had had her litter he just took her home where she couldn't get herself a male on the sly. There weren't any fish of either sex around.

Then came the bombshell. Despite segregation and chastity D9 was pregnant again. And not only she but D20, one of her just as chaste segregated daughters. Haldane knew a virgin birth when he saw one and he was seeing two of them right now. He didn't undertake the importance of his discovery. The French sea urchins and American rabbits had to be prodded into multiplying. But nothing and nobody had prodded these guppies. They had given birth entirely on their own, the first live-bearing creatures to do so under strict laboratory supervision.

Nor did the guppies stop. Both mother and daughter went on having litters of three. At last count there were 92 virgin-birth guppies. Interesting was the proportion of the sexes: 90 females, one male, and one mixed-up hermaphrodite displaying characteristics of both sexes.

Now the guppy, fish though he is, is closely related to other live-bearing yertebrates such as the rat, whale and man. So off hand there was no reason why virgin birth should not be perfectly natural and possible in the species that fixes highballs and makes H-bombs. Having reached this point in his thinking, Haldane turned the whole damn thing over to the wife, Helen Spurway, for good reason: she is an expert on eugenics, the science of human breeding, and biometrics which deals with statistics of living things.

After two years' study, Helen Spurway, too, reached the conclusion that virgin birth is and must be possible in humans. The offspring, just like in guppies, would be mostly female. Why?

Because in the main only female elements go into the making of a fatherless child. Should by chance a male be produced it would probably be a freak, missing limbs and vital organs, and more often than not lead to a miscarriage. Sometimes normal, healthy parents give life inexplicably to some tragic, mentally and physically defective monster. Virgin birth, according to Dr. Spurway, might be the explanation.

"HOW OFTEN do you think virgin births occur in humans?" Dr. Spurway was asked at a lecture.

She was highly qualified to settle that one. Her specialty, biometrics, makes statistical guesses as to how often certain developments are likely to happen in living things—a science which has its uses in plant and animal breeding as well as in trying to predict the workings of heredity in humans.

The doctor promised to be conservative in estimating the frequency of virgin birth. In matters of human procreation sextuplets are the rarest of all known happenings—they occur about once in 800,000 pregnancies (not births, they rarely live that long).

"Judging by general statistical standards found in nature," Dr. Spurway declared, "we can assume that virgin births occur about half as often as sextuplets, that is in one out of 1,600,000 pregnancies."

Most of these, Dr. Spurway added, are bound to be taken for normal since the mothers had had sex relations. There are, however, those rare cases where a girl is wronged by nobody, yet becomes a mother.

"Most women to whom this happens might prefer to keep their own counsel," Dr. Spurway went on to explain. "But they would be encouraged to make their claims with confidence if assured that modern science could

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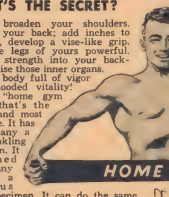

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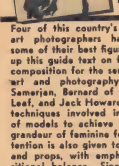

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prove they are telling the truth."

The editors of the *Sunday Pictorial*, one of London's most aggressive mass circulation papers, considered this a challenge. They obtained the services of a panel of top-drawer medical experts. Then in a front page spread they appealed to all virgin-birth mothers to come forth and submit to tests.

The *Pictorial* had asked for it. Mothers jammed the sidewalks outside the building for days and cluttered up the mails with thousands of letters. Most of them didn't need a doctor but a dictionary. They had fumbled into motherhood in any number of colorful ways which, they thought deserved the tag "virgin."

The sinfuls were sent packing quicker than you can say "birth control."

The next largest contingent to be weeded out was the fakers and frauds.

There remained those with genuine-sounding claims deserving further attention—by far the smallest group.

There was Mrs. J. B., a worried-looking housewife of 32. After the birth of her last child in 1950 she had been warned against another pregnancy. It might be dangerous. But in 1951 she was again with child. When the doctor first told her she was four months pregnant she thought he was joking, she told *Pictorial* interviewers.

"I explained that my husband had been away on a job for over six months and there was no other man in my life," Mrs. J. B. went on. "The doctor made fun of me. He said, 'Tell it to your husband.'"

Mrs. B. did tell her husband. She had to, after a while. Luckily he was the sort of man whose trust in his wife had no limits.

"He accepted my word that I hadn't had relations with another man," Mrs. B.'s story went. "Our marriage didn't suffer. But I was terrified that I was going to have a child without a father. I spent agonizing months and nearly died during the birth."

Today the little girl, now three years old, bears an uncanny resemblance to her mother. When strangers meet Mrs. B. with her daughter they invariably remark, "It's incredible how much the child looks like you!" The baby's eyes, hair and complexion are of the same coloring as her mother's. Photos taken of Mrs. B. at the same age look like her daughter's twin.

"Never mind how I got released."

"Party pooper!"

The father adores the child but, as Mrs. B. puts it, "He feels just like I do, that she belongs entirely to me. I thought of myself as a freak until I heard about virgin birth. I am willing to submit to any tests the doctors want to make."

Then there was Mrs. C. H. who wrote to the paper:

"I was 17 when the doctor told me I was pregnant. I was sure he was making a terrible mistake. I was engaged at the time and my fiance believed me when I said that no man was involved. But my relatives and friends never believed me and still laugh at me."

Another woman, Mrs. D. M., was a mother though a kissless bride.

"I was very nervous when I married," she wrote. "I was afraid and my honeymoon was a nightmare. During the 11th week of our married life I felt ill. I consulted my doctor and he astonished me by telling me I was two months pregnant. I tried to explain that I was a virgin and had never been a wife to my husband but he wouldn't believe me. I now have a daughter five years old."

There were letters from men, too, like this one coming from a husband who had hastily given his missus the gate.

"I am writing to you to ask for help in saving my marriage. In 1953, I married a very lovely girl. Six months later illness forced me to go to hospital for a year. When I got out my wife told me she was 'in trouble.' She begged me to believe her that she had had nothing to do with a man while I was away. You can imagine how I felt when we went to two doctors and both told us that every child *must* have a father. My wife remained stubborn and kept saying she had always been faithful to me. But how could I believe her?

"When I started divorce proceedings she left me and I have not seen her since. But six months ago she wrote, without giving an address, that she had a beautiful baby girl with auburn hair just like hers.

"Now, reading about virgin birth, I realize she may have been telling the truth. I still love her, so can you help me? I know my wife would agree to blood tests so as to unite us once more and stop the gossiping tongues."

ALONG WITH MILLIONS of other readers, Emmimarie Jones read with great interest the accounts of alleged virgin births. One night she talked things over with her husband. Since other people had the courage to volunteer for tests and help the truth, why shouldn't she? He told her to go ahead. She sat down at the kitchen table and wrote to the *Sunday Pictorial*.

"For ten years I have wondered and worried about the birth of my daughter," the letter started. "I honestly believe that she has no father. Let me give you the facts."

Mrs. Jones went on to recall the terrible days of the big bombings. Hiding in damp cellars most of the time had caused her to come down with a crippling case of arthritis. She had to be taken to a hospital where she stayed four months.

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"I hate these rainy days when the kids have to play inside."

"It was at the start of the second month that my baby would have had to be conceived," the letter read. "Even the far-fetched possibility I may have been attacked while under the influence of a narcotic had to be dismissed. Doctors, nurses and service personnel had all been women. Germany at that stage of the war couldn't spare men for any kind of civilian service."

Mrs. Jones closed her letter by saying that even though submitting to tests sponsored by the *Sunday Pictorial*, she didn't have to convince anybody, not even herself. But both she and her husband felt other married couples might benefit from their experience if the tests were successful.

Several weeks passed, then Emmimarie received an invitation to come to London, a 50-mile trip from her home, for a discussion of her case.

When she arrived she found hundreds of applicants waiting to be screened. They were all asked the same questions. Do you have a family to care for? Would your husband object to your being available for a number of tests during five or six months? Would he object to your being away for 10 to 14 days? Would you submit to a small skin graft operation? As these tests are to be kept secret, can you promise not to discuss them before they are over?

Emmimarie answered all questions, signed some papers, and was told she would get word if she were accepted.

While she impatiently waited for the mailman to bring her good news, her case along with all the others was carefully screened by a special staff. Enthusiastic women who were likely to get into hot water if away too much were crossed off the list. So were applicants who had shown signs of uncertainty in their claims. Among the 19 women finally picked for the expensive and extensive tests was Emmimarie Jones.

But even this number was further whittled down by the five-man medical board that took over. Only those mothers were admitted whose daughters had the identical shade of hair and eyes. This was done in spite of what Dr. Spurway had written months before: "There is no reason why the child should strikingly resemble the mother. The child could have obtained no genetic material except from the mother but need not be an exact duplicate of her."

The doctors, however, felt close resemblance a better bet. The final number of admissions was eight, Emmimarie Jones included.

Blood tests came first. The idea behind this was that a child can never display blood characteristics absent from the parents. If there is only a mother, as in a virgin birth, the child's blood characteristic must, absolutely *must*, match the mother's.

The first round of blood tests taken were of a simple kind. They served the purpose of determining to which

of the four main blood groups mothers and daughters belonged. Similar tests are made before blood transfusions. Basic as the tests were, they eliminated four of the girls.

The remaining four claimants, with Emmimarie still in the run, graduated to advanced blood examinations, tricky things intended to nail down the so-called blood factors. There are 21 of these subgroupings which occur in a fantastic array of combinations, among themselves as well as with the four main groups. All told there are about 15,600,000 possible combinations.

These tests are among the most difficult known to medical science. Blood has to be matched with hundreds of samples taken from other people; it has to be injected into rabbits: treated with sera and anti-sera, antigens and antitoxins in a dizzy merry-go-round of test tubes.

The man in charge of this, Dr. Bernard Camber, member of the Medical Research Council and the American Rockefeller Institute in Britain, was fully aware of the main problem: a virgin-birth child can't have anything in its blood makeup the mother doesn't have. But in the child, Nature may leave out a few of the mother's characteristics, or shuffle them around and group them in slightly different combinations. Should this show up in any of the tested pairs, virgin birth could not be dismissed. But the medical standards the examiners set for themselves were so strict that cases with the least bit of shuffling in the combinations would not be admitted into the study.

That excluded three of the four contestants, not as possible fibbers but merely as cases in which the odds were stacked in their favor maybe one to 500,000 but split just the same. The sole survivor was Emmimarie Jones. The combinations of her and Monica's blood groupings were 100 per cent identical.

The tests might as well have stopped there. It wasn't just that odds in her case favored her overwhelmingly one to 15.6 million. Even if Emmimarie had been the world's shrewdest guesser when claiming her child was fatherless, she never could have guessed to what fantastic extent the tests would support her. In the courts such an absence of "pre-knowledge" is usually considered proof of the

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rightness of a claim. But the doctors preferred to explore the field all the way.

THE NEXT THING on the busy agenda was a skin graft. Mrs. Jones and Monica were rolled into an operating room and put under ether. Bits of skin half the size of a thumbnail, cut from the mother's left thigh and from behind Monica's left ear, were swapped and sewn into place.

The idea behind it was this:

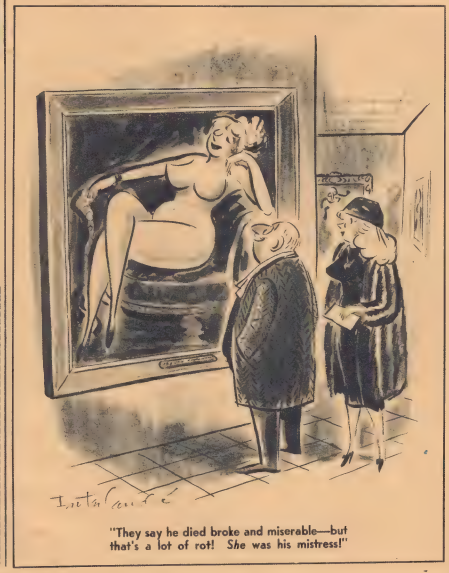
You can cut a piece of skin from a man's leg and cover his burned face with it: the graft will take. But you can never transplant skin from one person to another. The only exceptions seem to be identical twins, though there is not enough known about this business to say that all identical twins are suitable for mutual grafting.

Now, some of the medical authorities who spoke up during the virgin-birth controversy guessed that transplanting skin from mother to fatherless child or vice versa should succeed. Dr. Helen Spurway had argued that skin taken from the child could not be expected to survive on the mother but that the other way round it might. Still other medical authorities had poopooed the value of grafts as virgin-birth proof since the skins of mother and child may differ for two reasons: Unlike identical twins who grow from one and the same egg, mother and daughter develop from two different ones; also, surface influences may work sufficient changes in the skin to prevent grafts from taking.

In spite of these objections the mutual skin transplantations were tried. As Dr. Balfour Stanley-Lynn, in charge of the entire project, explained, "We are aware that skin grafts may not tell us anything. But this is new territory and only experience can show what works and what doesn't."

At the first examination five days after the operation, both grafts looked healthy. The plastic surgeon, Dr. David Wynn-Williams, warned Mrs. Jones: "You must keep your leg absolutely still. If you don't, you endanger the graft."

Mrs. Jones was forced to stay in bed for nine days. Monica could get up



"They say he died broke and miserable—but that's a lot of rot! *She* was his mistress!"

after three. Bandages were removed on the eleventh day.

The doctors just couldn't believe their eyes. The skin patches looked pink and firm. They wouldn't have if there had been much difference in skin cells. But it was still too early to blow the trumpets.

Dr. Wynn-Williams cautioned the patients. "You mustn't touch, rub or wash the spots because it would damage the tiny roots of the grafted skin."

After two weeks, mother and daughter were discharged from the hospital. They were instructed to come back once a week for a checkup. At the start of the fifth week a panel of five doctors took a look. For the first time the skin patch on Mrs. Jones' thigh showed signs of sloughing off. The little girl's was still perfect. Under ordinary circumstances both grafts should have long shriveled up. By the end of the sixth week the mother's had come off but Monica's looked healthy and well-rooted. To find out how well, Dr. Wynn-Williams did something he later regretted. He rubbed the grafted skin with a piece of moist cotton. It peeled off. In some parts it had taken, in others not. Permitted to stay longer all of it may have taken root. Or it may not.

On the whole, the tests showed that mother's and child's skin were compatible to a large degree. No such compatibility exists between ordinary parent and offspring. But as the doctors checking into virgin birth were accepting only 18-carat evidence they decided to pass up the skin graft results.

Next, the docs came up with a wow of a test. It's called the Direct Filter-paper Electrophoresis Test, and it's as amazing as it sounds. You take blood and let it clot. You separate the clots from the remaining water-clear fluid, the so-called serum. Then you soak filter-paper in the serum and expose the paper to an electric field. As a result, the microscopic solid particles (colloids) in the serum will start wandering through the filter paper and settle in a certain pattern. Now the trick is that no two people ever produce the same pattern. But Emmimarie and Monica Jones did, and this was still further proof.

This was followed by saliva examinations. Some people do, some don't, show cells of their blood group in saliva. The Joneses didn't, which was another thing they shared. But saliva had to perform one more trick. Samples of it were incubated with serum and anti-serum obtained from rabbits injected with blood from mother and daughter. The various reactions again pointed to complete identity. Odds of this being a lucky fluke were only one in 10,000.

THE DOCTORS HAD one last card up their sleeves: a taste test. The theory behind it was that only one in 1,000 people have equally sensitive taste buds. Some people are "taste blind" and can't tell the difference be-

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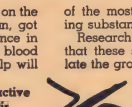

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- - - -

tween mustard and maple syrup. Others again have an extraordinarily sharp sense of taste, such as professional food samplers.

For taste tests doctors use a bitter, crystalline, white chemical known as phenyl thiocarbomide. Dissolved in drinking water it permits a large number of fine gradations. The aim is to find out a person's "taste threshold," that is, in what concentration a person will be able to tell the bitter flavor.

Separately, mother and daughter were made to sip from several dozen glasses. To make it more difficult, strong and weak solutions were alternated. Mother and daughter again came out even.

With this last test the odds in favor of virgin birth had risen to astronomic figures. Roughly 15 million on the blood analyses, 10,000 on the saliva and 1,000 on the taste tests. Multiply those figures and you have a sum total of 150 billion. That was the chance of Mrs. Jones lying or erring about Monica: *one in 150 billion*. For the first time in history, a case of virgin births had stood the full onslaught of science.

A few weeks later, Dr. Balfour-Lynn wrote in *The Lancet*, the voice of the British medical profession:

"Though we applied all the tests known to medicine, we have been unable to find that a man took part in the creation of this child. We have been unable to show that anything in Monica could have come from anyone but her mother. After six months of research all our results are consistent with a virgin birth."

Learning of the verdict, Mrs. Jones expressed her joy. "All my worries are over," she said. "This is the happiest day of my life."

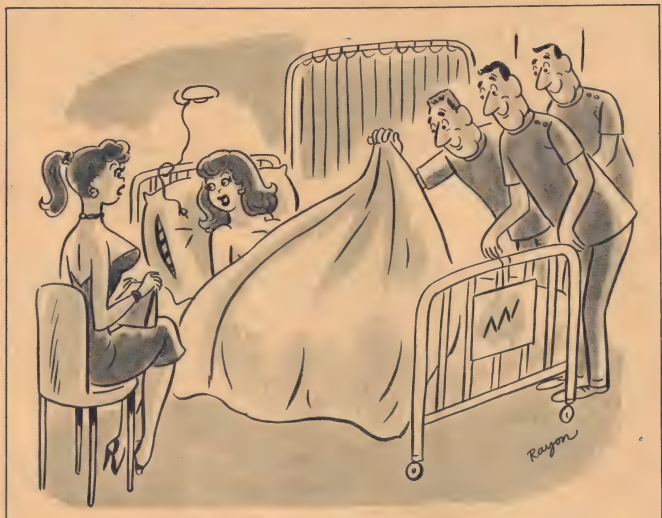
But Mr. Jones kept silent. He was, perhaps, deflated as male egos everywhere should have been. For women, it seems, have been invading men's premises everywhere. Now, apparently, it's even worse than you think.

Depressing double-domes in white lab smocks have tried to figure what makes virgin birth happen in a species that enjoys good old sexual propagation. The double-domes warn us not to think that life without father is a throwback to something primitive. No siree, it's just the opposite: it's a refinement. It comes about when a species has gone a long, long way. There finally dawns a day when a member of the species falls victim to what are called sports or mutations—an abrupt change in basic characteristics. These sports are passed on to the children and from then on happen more and more often. And finally the mutations —if you can call them that when speaking of virgin birth—become a permanent fixture. Sports may be very useful in growing seedless oranges or nectarines which are mutations from seeded oranges and peaches respectively. But when mutations lead to virgin birth in humans they are a menace.

The day may well come when no man knows where he stands or if he stands at all. According to the laws of heredity more and more Emmimaries will give birth to mysterious Monicas, and in the end even to boys.

But don't despair. While sex conditions will take a dive, interplanetary transportation will doubtless get better. Somewhere in space there's bound to be a quiet star, inhabited but not yet troubled by mutations, where a red-blooded male-man can start from scratch, fathering kids the old-fashioned way.

END



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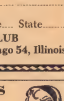

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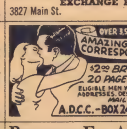
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★ Continued on page 70

DIRECTORY
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★ Continued from page 69

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OCCUPATION: NUMBERS RACKET

Continued from page 14

"Her boss has to fire her but he writes it up so it won't hurt her chances elsewhere. But she won't get caught. The metropolitan police can't check all the buildings and as long as she does her work nobody's going to yell copper."

We went back to the Chevvy and Brad drove out E Street, N.W., then down 4th, across Constitution into South-West. He parked at 4th and M.

"Sit awhile and I'll fill you with some idea of how a book is organized."

"The Writers pick up the bets and they get 25 per cent. They take out their cut when they turn over their slips to the runner. He's the guy who picks up slips from a number of writers. He gets five percent of the total bets. He takes his cut when he turns in the books at the office.

"In the office, a clerk takes the books and he adds up the bets on a machine. He subtracts 30 per cent—the total kept by the writers and the runner, and the answer is how much cash he gets from the runner.

"All this is done before post time at a named race track, like Pimlico at Baltimore. When the first, second, and third race is run, we have the winning number."

"How?" I asked.

Brad took my pad and pen. For a few minutes, he wrote. Then he handed me an outline:

1ST RACE AT PIMLICO

LIBRAB	12.50	5.90	3.70
GRO-UP		4.70	3.30
MUCHO MANANA			4.10
		TOTAL	$33.80

"See here, Meg, it's Vincent Dwight Chalmers!—not 'old V. D. Chalmers'!"

"You add up the amount the first three horses paid. The first number to the left of the decimal point is the single number. In this case three.

"Do the same with the second race, put that number with the first and you have your two digit number, say it is two. Your first two numbers are 32.

"Repeat with the third race and that completes the number. We'll use four.

"So we pay off on three, 32, and 324."

"At what odds?"

Brad smiled.

"Here is why this is a good business. I pay six to one on single numbers. Incidentally, I don't pay commission on single numbers unless the writer writes nothing but singles. I pay 60 to one on two number bets, and 600 to one on 'the number,' that is, three-number bets."

"Forty per cent profit!" I exclaimed.

Brad laughed.

"That's what my margin looks like, but that's not quite it. Anybody can see the true odds. If you bet any three numbers, the odds are 999-1 that you will lose. There are that many other numbers that can come up. If you bet two numbers it is 99-1 and one number is 9-1.

"Now here," he took the pad again, "is how a hundred dollars is broken up in my book."

He jotted figures, then handed me the pad.

Total Bets	$100.00
Writers' Comm.	25.00 at 25%
Runners' Comm.	5.00 at 5%
Total Comm.	30.00
Amount to Book	70.00
Put Aside for Payout	60.00
Margin	$ 10.00

"Ten percent?" I asked, "Is that your true profit?"

BRAD SHOOK his head. "I have one clerk for every $400 worth of business. I pay him $75.00 a week to work four hours a day. That comes out of my 10 per cent. In addition, I buy adding machines, pay the ice man and have a happy fund to keep up."

"The iceman and happy fund!" I exclaimed.

Brad laughed.

"More on them later, but all that takes about five per cent, leaving me five bucks out of the hundred."

"Nuts!" I derided. "You get more than five bucks on a hundred."

"Sure," Brad said agreeably. "All those figures are theoretical. In other words, if one dollar is bet on every possible number from 000 to 999, I still pay all my expenses and make five bucks per hundred bet. The nice part is, that's not the way it works.

"Sometimes I take in sixteen hundred and pay out three hundred. All the numbers don't get played. A few days a week, we don't have any wins on "the number." Some days I really clean up, other days I pay a few bucks more than I take in, but seldom."

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"How do you protect yourself from getting hit too hard, Brad?"

"Through what we call a lay-off man. Let's have the pad again."

I watched the figures go on the pad.

"Say my clerks, in figuring how much is bet on each number, find one with a total of $4.00 bet on it. If it wins, that means I got to pay off $2400.00. If my play for the day is around that figure I call my lay-off man and I bet $2.00 on the number I'm holding $4.00 on.

"Since the lay-off man has no writers or runners, he can give me better odds. I pay off at 600-1 but he gives me 850-1.

1. *Do not take bets after twelve noon.*
2. *Do not argue with a customer.*
3. *Do not write a bet for more than five per cent of what you have taken in.*
4. *Do take cash bets only.*
5. *Do give tips. Give a different number to each request so you will spread the play and increase your chance for a winner's commission of five per cent.*

"Any questions?" Brad asked.

I told him no and he handed me another sheet.

"This is for anybody who wants to play. It is the book policy, and the kind of bets I will accept."

Pay-off: Single number .....6 to 1
Two numbers .....60 to 1
The number.....600 to 1

Other than the above, only the following bets will be accepted:

Combinations: A three-digit number bet every way it can come up.

Example: Combination bet is 624. It can come up in six numbers: 624, 642, 264, 246, 462, and 426. Since it can win six different ways, six bets are made and paid for.

Number and reverse: A three digit number like 642 and the reverse of that number, 246. The bettor pays for two bets.

Bleeder: A two digit bet, the winning number being the last two numbers of the number. If the winning number is 642, the bleeder is 42.

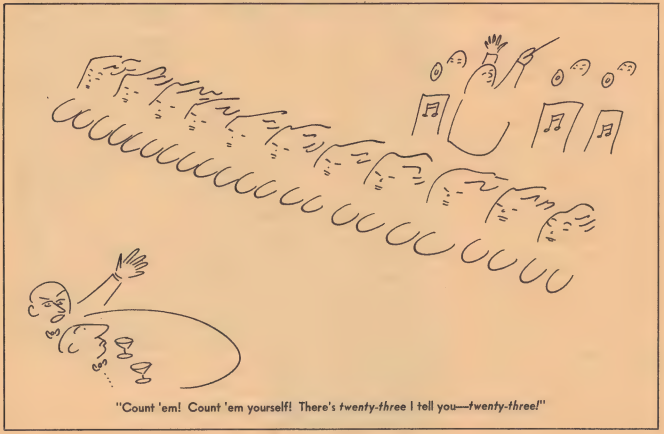
OFFICIAL PAY-OFF IS DAILY RACING FORM.

"If you think that is complicated," Brad grinned, "you should see some of these checker board books. They parlay, if-off, if-off and reverse, and some are too hard to follow."

It turned out that a parlay is betting all your winnings (if you win) on a pre-selected second number. If the second number loses, you lose all you won on the first one. An if-off is betting a stated amount of your winnings (if you win) on a second number. If the second number loses, the amount bet on the if-off is subtracted from the pay-off and the rest is paid. An if-off and reverse is an if-off bet on two numbers, and is two bets in the beginning, paid for. If the first number wins, a named amount is bet on a second number out of the winnings. The second number has been bet as an if-off wager, the if-off money going on the first number. If both numbers win there are four pay-offs:

1. The first number as bet originally,
2. The second number as bet originally,
3. The second number, the bet paid for out of the winnings on the first,
4. The first number, the bet paid for out of the winnings on the second number.

That piece of explaining quieted me. Brad glanced at his watch.



"Count 'em! Count 'em yourself! There's *twenty-three* I tell you—*twenty-three!*"

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". . . and tell Daddy he can stop sending money. I got a job."

"Eleven-twenty," he said. "We can't talk to this boy because he runs on a tight schedule. Watch that '51 Ford across the street."

A gray-haired man wearing rimless glasses came hurrying down 4th Street. He got into the Ford and started up toward Constitution Avenue. Brad followed him.

"He is one of my runners. He picks up on his lunch hour, catching four writers. Between four stops and getting the slips to his clerk in Maryland, he has no time for interviews. But watch him work."

WE TAILED the Ford on its route and I had to admire the cleverness of the man. He timed a red light, stopped for it, picked up a passenger, just did catch the next green light, leaving us to wait through the red, and dumped his passenger before we caught up. He stopped at a newsstand, a curb market, and a beauty salon. We stopped following him there.

"He goes to the office now," Brad said.

"He does this every day?"

"Six days a week. He always parks in a different place and he changes his pick-ups twice a week, going to them one of three ways. He averages 20 bucks a day and he works about three hours, all told. That counts the hour at lunch and two hours on paying off any hits."

Brad wheeled the Chevvy over to 7th Street, N.W., and turned north. 7th becomes Georgia Avenue, so I figured we were going to see a clerk in Maryland.

"Can a bettor get larger odds from some other book, Brad?" I asked.

He shook his head.

"Not from a book that pays the help like I do. In fact, most books lower the odds more through the use of cut numbers."

Cut numbers are specified numbers on which the pay-off is reduced to 400 to 1. They are used to increase the bank's percentage. Sometimes they are used if the local law is looking for writers, the increased percentage going to the writers as an incentive to work under pressure.

"I offer the same odds regardless of the size of the bet, too," Brad said, "because I run a honest book." He grinned. "As honest as you can get in numbers," he amended.

"For example, some books offer 700 to 1 on dollar and up bets, but they cut the odds on any bet with a 1, 3, or 5 in them to 300 to 1, and they only pay 500 to 1 on combinations. So in the final break-down, the bettor is not getting 700 to 1. But it looks nice."

We passed Eastern Avenue, which is the District line, and Brad swung right on a street I did not catch.

"I have four clerks. I supply the adding machine and materials, pay the phone and electric bills, and the clerk works in his own home."

We stopped at a brick cottage.

"This is a guy been with me four years."

We got out and went up a concrete walk to the porch. Brad pressed the chimes and a short, dark-haired man opened the door. Brad introduced us and told the man I wanted to see the office. We went down stairs into a laundry room and on into a smaller room. The equipment was simple. A desk, two chairs, an adding machine and a telephone.

"You got the tapes for today?" Brad asked.

The man nodded and picked up a long adding machine tape lying on the desk.

The first section was dollars. I saw that this clerk handled Big Book since all the bets were a dollar up. The total was $1300.

The second section was numbers, all three-digits.

"Anything heavy?" Brad asked.

"Spread well," the man answered.

Brad glanced at his watch. The time was 12:30. The phone rang and he smiled.

"Pre-arranged," he explained. "I'm usually home but I told the others I would be here."

He picked up the phone, identified himself and jotted down a number and a figure. He had no sooner hung up than the phone rang again. One more time and he had two numbers.

"Check these," he told the clerk.

The man went down the list with speed, then looked up.

"Nothing too heavy," he said.

Brad looked at me.

"This guy handles all my Big Book. The others handle mostly Little Book, but up to five per cent. They check with him, he calls me, and I lay off if necessary."

We drank a beer out of the clerk's refrigerator, made small talk, and left.

"The pay-off won't be final until the Daily Racing Form comes out," Brad said, "but that isn't much to see. The clerks go over their tape for any winners. If they have one, they figure how much to pay, then they put it with the Writer who collected the bet and he pays off at noon that day."

"Brad," I asked, "How many books are operating in the District, now?"

"Three that I know of," Brad said.

"How come?"

"The District is a money town no matter how things are elsewhere. Uncle Sam keeps the payroll going. Wages aren't high but they do come in regularly.

"Why gambling is popular here is something I cannot explain, though. It just is."

He wheeled the Chevvy into the Hot Shoppes on Georgia Avenue and we ordered lunch.

"You mentioned the iceman and the Happy Fund, Brad," I said. "What are they?"

"The iceman is paid protection, either police or political. Further than that, I can't go. But I pay two icemen, one in Maryland and one in the District.

"The Happy Fund is for anything to keep on friendly terms with folks. For example, I buy around 300, 400 turkeys Christmas, just to give away to people. I contribute to political campaigns and fund drives. Believe me, it costs considerable to spread goodwill."

"Brad," I said, "I don't want to pull a Holy Joe on you, but how do you feel about being a—well, violating the law?"

He laughed shortly.

"Denny, I could not operate if I did not sell what people want to buy. I didn't create the market. I cater to it."

"What are you selling in numbers?"

"What every sucker dreams of and tries to get. Plenty for little."

That was it. We ate lunch and said "so long." I took my notes, drove across the river to Alexandria where I was living, and did some figuring.

Brad had four clerks, one for each $400 worth of business, minimum.

I figured:

$400.00—daily minimum
6—days a week
$2400.00—weekly minimum
52—weeks in the year
4800 00
120000 0
$124,800.00—yearly handle by clerks
4—clerks
$499,200.00—handle yearly

Almost half-a-million dollars, minimum. At the theoretical five per cent clear, Brad was making $25,000 a year and he had told me that his take was much more.

I shook my head. What a business. I had seen ordinary people working in a numbers racket that catered to everyone from government executives to unemployed laborers. None of them talked out of the side of his mouth and none of them carried a gun. They figured they were committing no crime.

How did they get away with it?

The only answer I could think of was what Mrs. Lowry told me when I said numbers was against the law.

"So was prohibition," she said. END

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"LIL' PALEFACE" is horrible—an eerie ghastly white face with coal black hair. Is he really an "Albino" or a white explorer who "blew his top" in the steaming jungle—or lost his head over a native girl? 9" head, 12" hair. Postage-free $2.59

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(Californians add 4% sales tax)		TOTAL ENCLOSED	$____

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PUB CRAWL THRU LONDON

Continued from page 40

The old man has played out his part
in the scene,
Wherever he now is, let's hope he's
more clean.
Yet give we a thought, free of scoffing
or ban,
To that dirty old pub and that dirty
old man.

A coaching house in the old days, parts of *Dirty Dick's*, particularly the basement, look as though they haven't seen broom or dust cloth since. Such items as mummified cats, inch deep in grime, old pewterware, and stuffed fish carrying the accumulated soot of half a dozen generations, are everywhere. Standard procedure is to take a postage stamp from your own country, autograph it, and stick it to the wall.

Dirty Dick's isn't a small place. Some 20 to 30 employees are required to handle its rushing business. There is a bar upstairs, a bar in the basement, and a snack bar for those who accumulate an appetite between pints.

Try *Double Diamond* here. Running about 5 per cent alcohol, it's a premium brew and will set you back one shilling eight pence (22 cents) for a 20-ounce glass. If you've managed to work up an appetite as well as a thirst you couldn't do better than a ham or tongue sandwich at the snack bar. Don't forget the mustard; British mustard is tops.

Either here or later you will have to try an English specialty unknown in the States, a cold pork pie—pork and gravy completely surrounded with pastry. It will set you back less than a dime and for Rogues who dislike doing their imbibing on an empty stomach nothing has been invented better than a meat pie.

However, in spite of its atmosphere and other qualities, *Dirty Dick's* is not really a classic example of the British pub. Too much hurry and scurry, too few stools and tables at which to take it easy and too many of your fellow men rubbing shoulders. Our pub crawl wouldn't be complete without *Dirty Dick's* but it's an exception, not the rule.

PUB-CRAWLING by definition should involve walking, the theory being to work off the drinks you had in the last place before entering the next. To really get into the spirit we're going to have to go down to what Londoners call the City.

London was already a town when Caesar's legions landed in 44 B.C. What is now called the City is the original Londinium. Only after centuries did it expand over its present area of 691 square miles to embrace a population of some eight and a half million.

Our best bet is to start at Holborn subway station. (And you won't get anywhere by calling them subways in London, they're undergrounds or tubes.)

Within half a mile of Holborn station there are scads of pubs, any one of which is worthy of an evening. If you go down Kingsway and take your first passage to the left you will find *The Ship*, which back in 1549 was a place of refuge for the Roman Catholic recusants. *The Ship* is controlled by the Younger Breweries, one of whose top products is their bottled *Holyrood Pale Ale*. Worth trying.

A word here on pub etiquette. A Britishers' pub is his palace. Largely, its patrons are habitues who treat the place like a private club. There is almost an air of your being a guest rather than a customer in a public bar. It isn't that you're not welcome, you are. And unless you're a jerk you should in short order be part of the gathering. The thing to remember is that this is the neighborhood hangout and you are present on suffrance. It sounds a little cold—it isn't. The atmosphere of a British pub is a warm one.

Leaving *The Ship*, go down Cary Street behind the Law Courts to the *Seven Stars*, which is yea many year's old and which is controlled by the Courage Breweries. The Courage people are particularly good with draughts, *milds* and *bitters* or, if you're a dark brown beer man, you might try their *London Stout*.

"If you think my wife's beautiful, wait until you see my fiancee."

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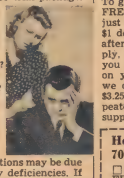
Are you happier?
Do you feel more pep?
Do you sleep better?
Has your appetite improved?
Are you constipated now?
Is your mind clearer?
Are you free from headaches?
Are your eyes brighter?
Do you feel stronger?
Are you mentally more alert?
Has your skin improved?
Can you see better?
Are your emotions under better control?
Are you less nervous, irritable, "on edge"?
Do you have better resistance to colds?



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This custom of a brewery controlling its outlets is the usual thing. Throughout the United Kingdom there are approximately 125,000 licensed selling places, an overwhelming majority of which are controlled by one brewery or another. The usual thing is for a controlled outlet to carry little not produced by its own brewery. There are exceptions, almost all bars will stock such overwhelmingly popular favorites as *Guiness Stout*.

By this time it's pushing 12:30 and if we're going to have some lunch at the *Cheshire Cheese* it's best to get there before the mid-day rush. Along with *Dirty Dick's* and *Charlie Brown's* the *Cheshire Cheese* is known throughout the world and can become crowded.

The *Cheese* was established in the early part of the 18th Century. Located on Fleet Street, newspaperman's row, over the centuries it has become the hangout of literary characters from Samuel Johnson and Boswell through Dickens to more modern novelists and poets. The owners have gone out of their way to maintain the *Cheese* in the atmosphere of yesteryear. If you are so inclined you can sit in the chair where Johnson once held forth and eat his favorite dish, steak and kidney pie.

If you enter at about 12 you will have time for a pint of *Bass Ale* at the smallish bar. Standing to the left and right of you will be reporters and editors from the various London newspapers whose offices are a stone's throw away. The *Cheshire Cheese* is a man's bar. With the exception of tourists, apt to be somewhat thick here, women are seldom seen.

It's not a big place. There are two small dining rooms, one up a narrow, darkish winding staircase. Either dining room will seat about 25 persons and a small court can be pressed into service, possibly seating another 15.

Lunch over, you might want to try a cigar from the oldest tobacconist shop in London, located right next to the *Cheese*. Hold onto your hat when you pay for it; British taxes being what they are you will shell out as much for a Havana as you did for your meal.

Sooner or later you're going to want to try that ultra-strong barley wine mentioned earlier. It makes for the equivalent of an after lunch liqueur. Cross the street from the *Cheese* and pick out one of half a dozen of the famous public houses in this vicinity. The *Falstaff* is good or the *Cock Tavern* up the street toward the Strand is on the historic side, going back to the great fire of 1666. For this dessert brew you might choose Flower's *Dragon's Blood*, which is not quite as sweet as some of the others.

You could spend the rest of the day, the rest of the week for that matter, in this section. At least 50 pubs, each with its own characteristics, are to be found within a radius of half a mile. However, if we're going to be able to touch some of the more famous London pubs we'll have to skip around to other parts of town.

Time is called at 3 p.m. and the pubs don't reopen again until 5. It's just as well. You can sleep off the load you acquired in the morning.

At 5 sharp we can beat on the door of the *Mitre*, in Ely Court, which dates back to 1546. Try a mug of nut brown ale whilst seated at a table converted from a barrel. The *Mitre* is a free house, tied to no particular brewery, and here you can sample half a hundred variations of the brewer's art.

Famed feature of the *Mitre* is the stump of an old cherry tree which still remains inside the bar room and which, they are proud to tell you, dates from the 16th Century. The story goes that Queen Elizabeth (the first, of course) and Sir Christopher Hatton once danced around it. The bar was originally built by the Bishop of Ely; in those days the clergy were apt to see eye to eye with the brewer.

It wouldn't be a London pub crawl without a trip to Limehouse and a visit to *Charlie Brown's*, which is located in the Railway Hotel. *Charlie Brown's* is the best known sailor's bar in the world.

Until a few months ago still run by the son of the original Charlie Brown, this old dockside pub is filled with curios from the seven seas. Behind the bar hang shields from the Congo, exotic mounted fish from the South Pacific, a shrunken head from Ecuador, a boomerang from Australia. The place has aspects of a museum.

It's no place to take the girl friend. If you'd like to curry favor with the habitues you might bring a beer label from your home town. On the wall of *Charlie Brown's* is a beer label collection to end all beer label collections. We took a full 10 minutes consuming a pint and a half of *mild-and-bitter* in the undertaking, trying to find a country unrepresented. Succeeded, too. There was nothing from Afghanistan. Maybe they don't drink beer in Afghanistan.

"I keep them for sentimental reasons . . . my first transaction."

ONE OF THE REASONS the buoyancy of your rear teeth is going to be sorely tried before this expedition is over is that when a British barman sells you a pint of beer it's a *pint*. In fact, it's more than a pint since the British pint is 20 ounces. But the barman isn't able to put a king-size head on your glass. By law the glass must be exactly a pint and must be filled to the brim.

If you buy bottled beer, of course, you can use any kind of glass you want and *Guiness Stout*, for instance, will give you the most beautiful creamy head you've ever seen. But don't expect one on a glass of draught, you'll get a full pint of beer and the hell with the head, whether you want it or not.

Nothing like going from one extreme to the other. Next stop is the

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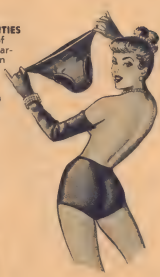

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Fitzroy Tavern off Charlotte Street in the area called Bloomsbury, something like Greenwich Village in New York. The *Fitzroy* for some years has had a rather high reputation as a hangout of the fluttery set. They call them "gay" in London.

In the past the *Fitzroy* was decorated with posters and photographs of the First World War specializing in such atrocity pieces as little Belgian children running around with their hands cut off, and slobbering Huns raping French nuns. Recently, however, local artists have persuaded the management to conduct a series of art exhibits. If you are an artist, poet or sculptor, or just a character who likes to run around with a beret on his head, you would be hard put to find more compatible surroundings or company than that in the *Fitzroy*.

If by this time you are getting tired of room temperature British beers you can try a bottle or two of Danish or German lager well refrigerated to the American taste. For that matter you might try a British lager, such as *Barclay's, Graham's* or *Red Tower*. However, the local product isn't up to imports. They sometimes carry real Czech pilsen, one of the world's great beers, little seen this side of the Iron Curtain anymore.

In one corner there is a lad beating a piano but the conversation is usually loud enough to drown him out.

Being roguishly inclined and a bit on the sophisticated side we assume you sneer at celebrity hunters. However, if you have any interest in this direction you might stroll into the *Intrepid Fox* on Wardour Street. The *Fox* is located in the heart of the British movie industry and you can down your *Guiness* here almost certain to be rubbing elbows with a screen celebrity or two. If your interests run more to the stage try the *Salisbury* in St. Martin's Lane. There is always a star or so coming in for a quick one.

If you don't spot any screen personalities at the *Intrepid Fox* you might go on over to Soho to the latest movie folk's hangout, the tiny *Dog and Duck*, in Bateman Street.

And here you're going to run into a hazard. Soho is the tough section of town, complete with Teddy Boys and spivs. Here also are found some of the most luscious professional ladies this world still has to offer. Of recent date prostitution has been outlawed in such unlikely places as France, Spain and even Tangier. It hasn't been legal in England for a good many years either, but so extreme are the democratic laws pertaining to personal freedom in Great Britain that prostitution has found a loophole which allows it to be practiced extensively.

It is illegal to *solicit* on London streets but there is nothing illegal by British law in the sexual relationship between a man and a woman even out of wedlock. This is a personal matter and the law has absolutely nothing to say about it. Nor is there any law that can prevent a man from giving a "lady" a "present"—even a cash present, following such a relationship.

Consequently, as you leave a pub in the Soho area and particularly if you stroll over in the direction of Piccadilly, you are apt to see rather large numbers of young ladies ostentatiously handling the keys to their apartments. This key is the badge of the London professional in much the same way as the swinging handbag is in America. They'll flip it as though it's a coin, they'll waggle it at you, they'll drop it at your feet—believe me, you'll get the point.

If you are a squarish type Rogue (very rare indeed) whose eyes bug at nobility and such you will probably have the time of your life at the *Bag O' Nails*, at 6 Buckingham Road. The *Nails* is the rendezvous of servants from nearby Buckingham Palace, of distinguished citizens homeward bound from royal appointments, and suchlike classy folk. Very relaxed, very quiet, very British, don't you know. Come to think of it, there is a good snack bar, too.

A quick run-down on several other pubs that should be touched.

The *George Inn* in Southwark. Dickens wrote about this one in his *Little Dorrit*. Hang around for awhile and you'll probably score more celebrities. Ingrid Bergman having a plate of fish and chips, if she's in town; this is her favorite pub. Clement Atlee, former prime minister, also considers the *George* his favorite.

Then there's the *Prospect of Whitby*, 57 Wapping Wall, and here you can sit on the balcony and watch the ships go by along the Thames. A real show place where you can also get a good meal, there are those who will argue that the *Prospect of Whitby* is the most fascinating pub in London. You might have the devil's own time finding this place, by the way, even though you ask directions of half the bobbies in London. You'd better take a cab.

It wouldn't be England without a haunted house and in this case a haunted pub. We're talking about the *Grenadier* in Wilton Row, lying behind St. George's Hospital. This was a former military quarter and the present bar was once an officer's mess.

By this time, hollow leg and all, you're beginning to get somewhat beer-logged, but before we call it quits we're going to have to try a few of the concoctions that the British have brought down through the ages. Never thought of beer as an ingredient of mixed drinks did you? Here are a few of the specialties you can find in British pubs.

Shandy Gaff. You'll never believe this, but beer mixes very well with ginger beer (or ginger ale). This is something to try on a hot day when you want to avoid too much alcohol. Mix it half and half. A British informant tells us that a Shandy can also be mixed with beer and lemonade, half and half. Here we drew the line; you can try it if you want to.

Mulled Ale. Take a quart of ale and bring almost to the boil with soft brown sugar, cloves and nutmeg. Just before serving add four ounces of rum or brandy. Serve very hot with some grated nutmeg and sliced toast on the surface.

Dog's Nose. Beer and gin in proportions of 16:1. Warm the beer to just below boiling point, then add gin and stir well. Serve hot.

Black Velvet. Stout and champagne, half and half. For the Gods!

Don't know about you, but all this has made us very thirsty and we're heading down to the corner for a cold one. Cheerio! END

"I'm not really the clerk. I just came in to look around."

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IMPORTANT Medical Facts For Every Man Who Has Passed His 40th Birthday

Men, Too, Go Thru "Change of Life"

DOCTORS CALL IT "MALE CLIMACTERIC"

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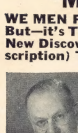

Doctors know it, employers know it... and many men past forty "feel" something is happening, but usually don't know what it is ... After the first forty years, the human body undergoes important normal changes. But, men think that "change of life" occurs only in women! This "change" happens in MEN as well as women! You can be in perfect health and still go thru "change of life"... because it is a change that may occur in anyone over forty. Don't take my word for it... ask your doctor. During "male climacteric" or as we call it "change of life"... it is more important than ever that your body be at its strongest and not deficient in vital vitamins and minerals during this period. Yes, your body needs not just "any" vitamin or mineral... but a combination of nutritional supplements created especially for the needs of older men and women. If you've read this far, you are sincerely interested ... please continue on for facts that will absolutely amaze you.

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Recently, a well known scientist perfected this all new After 40 Capsule vitamin and mineral formula... he created it especially for men and women past forty. Yes, he combined a special group of essential vitamins and minerals that his years of study revealed were most needed, often lacking by folks approaching the late years when "change of life" usually occurs. Common sense and your doctor will tell you your body often requires a supply of different vitamins and minerals at different amounts during the older years than they did during your younger years to function at their best. Perhaps as a child you took cod-liver oil ... you don't take it now. During your older years you are more interested in maintaining your body ... during younger years the main interest was in growth. That's why the special AFTER 40 Capsule formula is so important... it was created for the exclusive needs of older folks ... for YOU, and no one else. TRY AT OUR EXPENSE!

I've Said it ... You've Said It Too, *"When I was Younger I Could Eat Anything... But Now..."* It's An Old Story When You Get Past Forty!

You can fool yourself... but you can't fool Nature. As we grow older our usually hearty appetite is smaller and our digestion isn't as good. We can't eat everything we should eat to maintain our best health, if we went pigtes, or have missed much which is common during the later years) we can eat only certain foods. It's no fun, I know. Just when we are at a time of life when we need every bit of nutrional help we can get ... Nature seems to be working against us by making it more difficult to eat the foods we need most. During "change of life" we should be more careful than ever not to suffer vitamin or mineral deficiencies which may well aggravate or prolong our suffering. Don't take needless and foolish risks during this important time of your life. MAIL HOME TRIAL COUPON TODAY. SEE WHAT AN AMAZING DIFFERENCE AFTER 40 CAPSULES MAY MAKE IN **YOUR** LIFE!

ELMORENE CO., Dept. G-454
230 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 1, Ill.

What Is Climacteric?...

Medical dictionaries tell us "climacteric" is the time of life when the body undergoes a radical change. First, usually between 12-17, when boys become men and girls women ... and again usually between 40-50.

Whom Does Climacteric Affect?

Both men and women. In women it is called "menopause" or "change of life"... in men, doctors call it "Male Climacteric"

What Can Be Done?...

During the late years, it is more important than ever that your system isn't deficient in the very nutrients nature created to help your body in times of need. After 40 Capsules supply the body with a special combination of vitamins and minerals that are often lacking in older folks during these important years. SHOW THE AFTER 40 FORMULA TO YOUR DOCTOR... *he will tell you what an excellent one it is!*

"MIDDLE AGED" FOLKS, Please Read Carefully!

A famous scientist stated that nutrition is one of the greatest problems in preventative medicine. With After 40 Capsules you are taking the first step to keep your health from falling below par by supplying your body with essential vitamins and valuable minerals. These are absolutely necessary as your doctor will tell you to attain a healthier body and a better outlook on life. After 40 Capsules are especially designed for people over forty to combat vitamin and mineral deficiencies that may often lead to disease.

The vitamins and minerals found in After 40 Capsules are essential for body building and functioning. Inadequate supplies of vitamins and minerals may lead to illness and deficiency diseases which may be quite serious when you are over forty.

Each AFTER 40 Capsule Contains These 20 Important Ingredients Needed By "Middle-Aged" Folks

Vitamin A, Vitamin D, Vitamin E, Vitamin B1, Vitamin B2, Vitamin B12, Vitamin D, Niacinamide, Vitamin B6, Calcium Pantothenate, Rutin, Inositol, Defatted Wheat Germ, Choline, Iodine, Calcium, Phosphorus, Manganese, Copper & Iron.

—SEND NO MONEY... Just Mail "Home Trial" Coupon!—

Try After 40 Capsules at Our Expense. Just fill in coupon and mail to address below. On arrival of FULL MONTH'S SUPPLY of After 40 Capsules, pay postman only $5.00 and regular C.O.D. postage. Take as directed. You be the judge. If results are not to your entire satisfaction in every way, return label within one month from date of purchase for prompt, cheerful refund. Fair enough? (Save C.O.D. postage, send $5.00 cash, check or money order, After 40 Capsules sent prepaid. Same guarantee.) MAIL TODAY!

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ ZONE_____ STATE_____

ELMORENE CO., Dept. G-454, 230 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 1, Illinois

We'll send YOU a Money-Making "Shoe Store" Business FREE!

Just 8 easy orders a day bring you up to $960 a month!

RUSH COUPON FOR FREE BUSINESS OUTFIT!

Here's a business for you that will be as much fun as it is profitable... and you don't have to invest one cent...ever! We've helped thousands of men succeed in this unique business...and we'd like to do it for **you,** too. Just 2 orders a day from friends, neighbors, relatives, in "off hours" earns you $168 EXTRA a month! James Kelly of Ohio took so many orders for these Nationally-Advertised shoes that he made $93.55 in just ONE evening! Fred Mapes of California regularly makes $5 to $10 every hour he devotes to his Mason Shoe business! There is no limit on what you can earn!

It's **easy** with our way of selling shoes. We set you up in a complete "shoe store" business you can run from your home. **We** carry the stock and ship the shoes. All you do is show the styles to your family, friends, people where you work, etc....and take orders. You have a profitable business with no rent, light bill, clerk hire or other costs to worry you. **You keep 100% of your profit!**

Here's why you'll make money!

● You offer **170** comfortable fast-selling styles...far more than a store! ● You have an amazing range of **sizes (2½ to 14)** and **widths (AAAA to EEEE).** Even hard-to-fit people can buy from you! ● Because we carry over 200,000 pairs in stock, your customers get **exactly** what they want ...no misfits or substitutions! ● You feature exclusive Velvet-eez shoes with foamy-soft **air-cushion innersoles** that let you "walk on air." Built for supreme comfort, Mason shoes also feature built-in strong steel shanks, Air-Cushion longitudinal support, Nylon stitching. Advertised in Esquire, Good Housekeeping and on TV, they'll be available **only** from **you**—not sold in stores! ● You save your customers money, and the time they would waste "shopping around" shoe stores.

Take Orders For Over 170 Dress-Sport-Work Shoe Styles!

30 kinds of work shoes! A style for every trade! Special Neoprene, Cork, Cushion soles, heels...ventilated work shoes...even Safety Toe Shoes!

Smart dress, sport styles! The last word in styling! Many fine, unusual leathers. Cool Nylon Mesh styles, moccasins, 2-tones and Cush-N-Crepe soled shoes!

70 Styles for Women! Satisfy almost every taste! Many comfort features. Low-heeled, high-heeled, casuals, service shoes, latest styles!

No wonder you'll have the biggest and best "shoe store" business in town!

MASON SHOE MFG. CO.
Since 1904
Dept. 675 Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin

You'll get a Starting Kit *FREE!*

As soon as we receive the coupon below we'll send you a complete Business Outfit **FREE and postpaid!** It features the entire Mason Collection in full color; contains 10-second Air Cushion demonstrator, valuable Booklet chock full of how-to-make-money hints, special Measuring Board, advertising reprints...everything else you need to start making cash profits from the first hour! We'll also show you how to earn monthly **Bonus Checks** and win costly prizes **Free!**

Mason Shoes will be available ONLY from You!

Because Mason Shoes are not sold in stores, you get **repeat** orders from delighted customers almost automatically! Steady cash profits every month! Since everyone you know wears shoes...**EVERYBODY IS A PROSPECT!** No wonder this is the perfect "off-hours" business: a quality product everybody needs... backed by the famous Good Housekeeping Guarantee Seal...one you can take orders for 12 months of the year. Want to see how much money **you** can make? For a 2¢ postcard you can try it NOW...start your exciting business **right away!**

RUSH THIS STAMP FOR YOUR *FREE* BUSINESS OUTFIT!

Mr. Ned Mason, Vice President
Mason Shoe Mfg. Co., Dept. 675
Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin

Yes, I'd like to give myself a $168 a month raise! Please set me up as your man in my community by rushing my Complete Starting Shoe Business Outfit FREE and postpaid so I can start making extra money from my first hour!

Name_____

Address_____

Town_____ State_____